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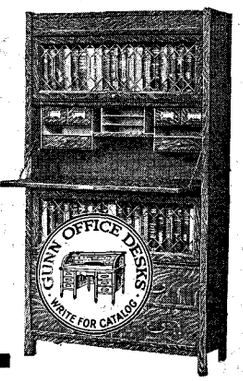

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The Outlook

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THE OUTLOOK IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. N. T. PULSIFER, VICE-PRESIDENT. FRANK C. HOYT, TREASURER. ERNEST H. ABBOTT, SECRETARY. TRAVERS D. CARMAN, ADVERTISING MANAGER. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION—FIFTY-TWO ISSUES—FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, JULY 21, 1893, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879

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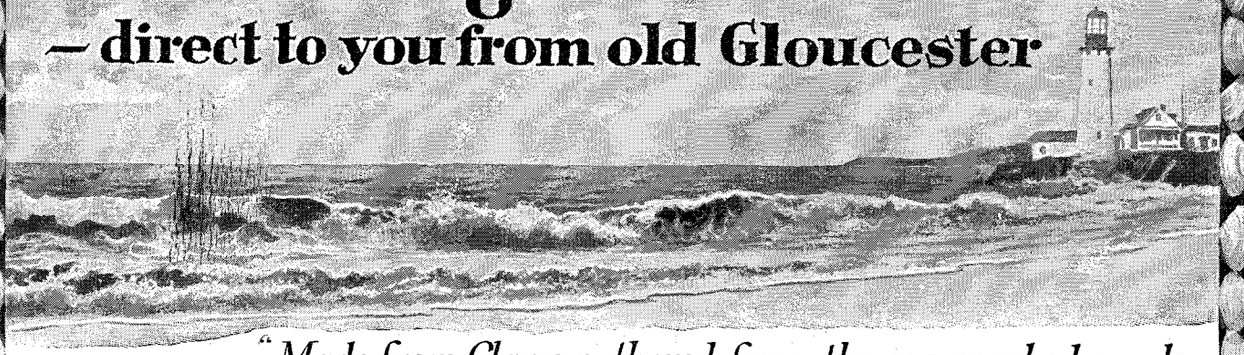

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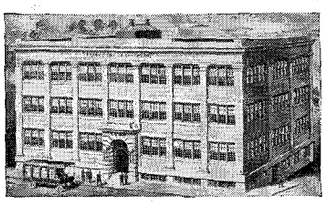

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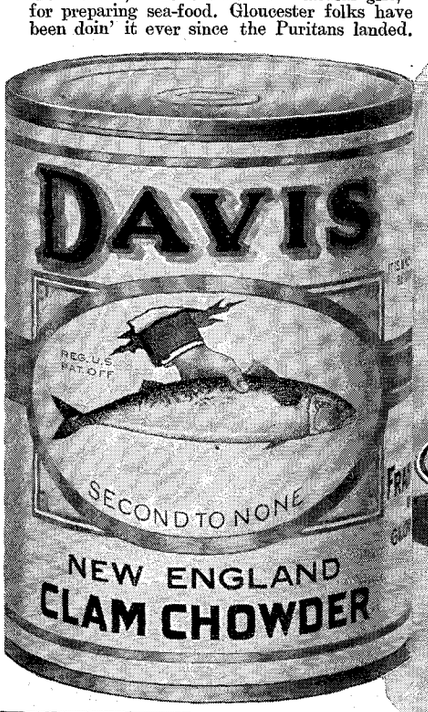

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The Outlook

JANUARY 15, 1919

THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WE record with profound sorrow the death of Theodore Roosevelt. He died in sleep at his home, Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, New York, early in the morning of January 6. The cause of his death is announced by his physicians to have been an embolus—that is, a blood clot—which stopped the vital circulation. He had been ill some weeks with an aggravated case of rheumatism; but up to the very last was vigorous in mind and spirit, so that he wrote on various public questions within a few hours of his death. Elsewhere in this issue some impressions of his character and achievements are given in a personal form by Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, and Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, President of the Outlook Company.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR SMITH

The temporary controversy over the election of Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State of New York—there was some talk of a Republican contest because of the smallness of the Democratic majority—has now faded into nothingness, and Governor Smith was duly inaugurated at Albany on January 1. His personal popularity among the best men of both parties was indicated by the size and cordiality of the gathering at the ceremonies. Governor Smith is a genuine product of New York City life, believes in popular government in a very real sense, and will doubtless, therefore, make a popular Governor. Coming from the plain people himself and having risen to his present distinguished position by hard, steady, and honest work joined to unusual native ability, he will, we believe, do everything he can to promote the common rights and the common welfare of the great democracy, numbering about ten millions of people, over which he now presides.

His inaugural address on the whole confirms this judgment. In one respect, however, we regret exceedingly that he has lost sight of the common interests as a result of his local, or, what in English political life would be called "parochial," attachments. In his address he advocated the abolition of the State Police, which has been organized after a long period of agitation and education. If Governor Smith had ever lived for any length of time in a rural district, we think he would not have taken this position. He is a believer in the New York City police force because he is familiar with its efficiency and with the great social needs and rights which it protects. The country villages and farms of the rural districts have no such protection, or at least have not had it until the establishment of the State Police. The men, women, and children who live on our back country roads deserve protection just as much as the people of Oliver Street. If Governor Smith could only realize this, we think that he would devote himself to the strengthening and improving of the State Police system instead of its abolition.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE

With the end of the first week in January, and with President Wilson's return to Paris from his journey to Italy, the time has arrived when the Peace Conference must begin its actual work. Doubtless a stage of preliminary and partial conferences will precede any open formal action. But the impression is constantly growing stronger that the disturbed condition of Europe to-day and the vehemence with which claims are being urged for possession of territory and the settlement of national boundaries make it urgent that the real business of the Conference should be pushed forward, and that those things which are most pressing and which most threaten danger should be quickly decided.

An illustration of this is the amount of attention that has been given to President Wilson's reference in his speech at Rome to the Balkan question. In it he denounced the force and intrigue by which the peoples in the Balkans had been defrauded in certain cases of their national rights. Jugoslav advocates have taken this as indicating sympathy on the President's part with their views as to the Adriatic littoral—a deduction hardly justified. On the other hand, some Italians have found in the President's speeches such high praise of Italy's motives in entering the war as to make it seem impossible, they say, that he does not recognize Italy's rightness in the Adriatic dispute. Dr. Vesnitch, the Serbian Premier, urges that the dispute between Italy and the Jugoslavs should be settled by the Peace Conference without the slightest regard to the treaty of 1915 between Italy, on the one side, and France, England, and Russia, on the other, regarding the eastern coast of the Adriatic. One does not need to take sides in this discussion in order to recognize how passionately the parties to the dispute are feeling as to the action of the Peace Conference.

President Wilson's reception in Rome and the other Italian cities was more than cordial; it was enthusiastic in a supreme degree. Rarely has any individual anywhere received such tributes and tokens of affection as were showered upon the President in Italy. His speeches showed real sympathy and friendship for Italy, and this feeling was deeply appreciated. To the Italians President Wilson symbolizes both achievement and hope; and they believe that he will aid in bringing about a future which shall be happier not only for nations but for men and women.

THE LITTLE WARS

The war is over, we say; but, "Serbia Would Fight On to Get Dalmatia," "Turks Continue Attacks on Armenians," "Americans Hold Reds in Five-Day Battle," "Capture of Perm," "Doughboys Smash Bolshevik Forces," "Germans Ready to Put Vilna at Mercy of Reds." These newspaper headlines all appeared in New York within three or four successive days.

It would seem that one of the most immediate and pressing demands upon the attention of the Peace Conference might be to put a stop to these little wars. A stern, insistent reminder that questions as to delimitation of the new nations must be settled, not by conquest, but by the will of the Powers, is greatly needed. In some cases a drastic demand that fighting cease would probably be enough. It would probably not be enough in the most important case of all—that of Russia. Unless the Bolshevik leaders change their attitude, force and not words must be applied to this situation. For this very reason the problem of Russia should be taken in hand by the Allies and the United States promptly and vigorously. France already has shown a disposition to recognize the gravity of the problem. It sees danger that Germany may, at its first opportunity, begin an insidious endeavor to acquire influence in Russia, with the hope that the future may see a community of interests between Russia and Germany such as would endanger the rest of the world. America should speak out on this subject.

The capture of Perm, in the region of the Ural Mountains, is a severe blow to the Bolsheviki. It is said that General Gaida, at the head of Czechoslovak and Siberian

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forces, took 31,000 prisoners and practically destroyed a Bolshevik army. On the other hand, the Reds have seized Ufa, west of the Urals; Ufa is the town which until recently was the capital of the anti-Bolshevik Provisional Government. Still a third battle in Russia has taken place on the far northeastern Russian front; American troops fought with Russian allies and recaptured the village of Kadish, with light casualties. Despatches say that the Reds butchered and mutilated our wounded.

The Poles and Czechoslovaks feel that their countries are, as some one has put it, "the foremost trench" against the advance of the Reds. Upper Silesia is threatened. Vilna and Kovno are in danger. Kiev is occupied by the Reds. The activity of the Polish forces in Posen may be chiefly a local uprising of Poles, or it may be a bold move, with Dantsic in view, demonstrating the force and valor of the new Poland and its claim to the same kind of recognition that Czechoslovakia has obtained from the Allies. Here again becomes evident the duty of the Peace Conference to decide quickly whether the new nation of Poland shall be based on historical claims or on racial claims.

THE TIGER SPEAKS

The French call their Prime Minister, Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger," and they are right. He is like a tiger defending France. He thus defined the nation's position the other day in the Chamber of Deputies: "France was the country nearest Germany; . . . she suffered and fought. Our men were mown down. Our towns and villages were destroyed." He thus described foreign assistance: "America was far away and took her time to come to the war. England came at once." *Took her time!* How that cuts! The Tiger can crack a stinging whip even while expressing gratitude for our eleventh-hour aid. Yet what is the implication? Is America's voice in the Peace Conference to be measured by the length of time she has been in the war? Let this be considered by those who fancy that our voice will be preponderant.

The Tiger is an old-fashioned radical. He looks askance at theory *versus* practice. Now, there has been an old system of alliances called the "balance of power." As Clemenceau admitted: "It seems to be condemned nowadays. But if such a balance had preceded the war, if England, the United States, France, and Italy had agreed that whoever attacked one of them attacked the whole world, the war would not have occurred. This system of alliances which I do not renounce will be my guiding thought at the Peace Conference if your confidence sends me there."

The Chamber's confidence was voted, 380 to 134. This victory puts Clemenceau, the chief representative of France, in the same commanding position with regard to his country at the Peace Conference as that held by Lloyd George since his recent electoral victory made him England's chief representative. President Wilson does not enjoy this advantage.

The French Premier (a portrait of whom appears on another page) may seem to conflict with President Wilson's conviction. This, as expressed at Rome, is that "there cannot be another balance of power. That has been tried and found wanting .... It does not stay balanced." Again, at Manchester, Mr. Wilson proclaimed that "we will join no combination of power which is not a combination of us all."

But a beginning of constructing a League of Nations must be made somewhere. Is it not possible to unite the apparent divergence between Clemenceau and Wilson by using the present Franco-Anglo-Italo-American alliance (of which the significance is increasingly apparent) as the beginning of a union "of *all* moral forces that make for right and justice and liberty"?

It is not unimportant to recall that as a young man Clemenceau lived in the United States for some time and married an American woman. He was a teacher in a school at Stamford, Connecticut. He therefore is not unfamiliar with American habits of thought.

ITALY AND JUGOSLAVIA

One of the most serious and difficult controversies that has grown out of the war is that which is now actually raging between Italy, on the one hand, and the Jugoslavs, on the other, regarding the disposition of the Adriatic Sea. A glance at the accompanying map will show the territory in dispute. The aspirations of Italy, or of a large and powerful party in Italy, are to make the Adriatic a closed sea, under the sole control of Italy. This party claims that in the days of the Venetian Republic Italians inhabited and governed the eastern shore of the Adriatic as well as its western, or Italian, shore. In those days what is now known as Gorizia and Istria, as well as the coast of Dalmatia and its islands, were Italian possessions. The cities of Trieste and Pola were Italian cities. In the early part of the nineteenth century, after Austria's conquest of northern Italy, Trieste, Pola, Fiume, and the entire eastern shore of the Adriatic fell into the control, or at least under the domination, of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

It is perhaps not unnatural, therefore, for many Italian people to look upon some of the territory on the opposite side of the Adriatic from their own shores as the French have looked upon Alsace-Lorraine. Moreover, as the map shows, the Italian shore-line of the Adriatic contains no harbors worth mentioning between Venice, at the northern extremity, and Brindisi—which is not a particularly good harbor—at the southern extremity. The eastern shore, however, which has been Austrian, is full of some of the most beautiful harbors in the whole Mediterranean region. The entire American Navy, it is said, could float in the Dalmatian harbor of Cattaro.

If international relations are to be continued upon the basis of self-protection by military force, Italy claims that she must have this eastern shore of the Adriatic in order to defend herself. Taking this view of the situation, Great Britain, France, and Russia entered into a secret treaty with Italy in 1915, known as the Treaty of London, according to which Italy was promised that if she went into the war on the side of the Allies the eastern shore of the Adriatic would be awarded to her in case of Allied victory. We have thus stated briefly the main points of Italy's claim.

THE JUGOSLAV RESPONSE

In 1915, when the Treaty of London was made and Italy was promised the control of the eastern shore of the Adriatic, nobody supposed that the war was going to develop into a contest between the old policy of imperial nationalism and the new policy of the self-determination of democratic peoples. No one supposed then, even, that Austria was to be broken up. But that is what has happened. And Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia, Serbia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro (see map), have united themselves into one nation of Serbian or Southern Slavs, called at present Jugoslavia. With them a portion of Albania will doubtless eventually be joined. The Jugoslavs insist that the eastern shore of the Adriatic belongs to them and should be given to them, and assert that if it is not awarded to them by the Versailles Conference they will fight Italy and expel her.

They say, in reply to the Italian arguments, that the development of the war in the last two or three years has been such as absolutely to abrogate and make immoral and non-effective all secret treaties such as that known as the Treaty of London. They also say that the establishment of Italy upon the eastern shore of the Adriatic would mean that the Jugoslavs have only changed masters, and that Italy would merely replace Austria. They admit that Gorizia and western Istria, with the fine harbor of Pola, should go to Italy, because these regions are distinctively Italian in population. But, they say, the islands and the whole Dalmatian coast and Avlona, in Albania, must be

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THE LANDS ITALY WANTS

The heavy black line on the above map, embracing the Trentino, Gorizia, Trieste, Istria, northern Dalmatia, some of the islands, and Avlona, in Albania, indicates the territory which Italy hopes to add to her own

Jugoslav in control and government because they are Jugoslav in race or in natural affiliations.

This is a puzzling controversy and one that would perhaps tax the wisdom of a Solomon. But, on the whole, our sympathies in the controversy are with the Jugoslavs. They are right in contending that old-fashioned imperialistic secret treaties are now wholly out of date. They are also right in contending that, if there is to be a League of Nations which shall determine questions of international peace, Italy does not need to protect herself by military or naval bases on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The fact that the Jugoslavs are willing to assign Istria and Gorizia to the Italians indicates that they are ready to be guided by the principle of self-determination, the principle which must play a large part in the readjustment of national territories after peace is declared.

JUGOSLAV IMPERIALISM

There is just one phase of the Jugoslav attitude which we do not wholly like. The Prime Minister of Serbia, Mr. N. P. Pasitch, is announced as the chief peace delegate of the Jugoslavs to Paris. Mr. Pasitch was one of the prime movers and the chief signer of what is known as the Declaration of Corfu, a declaration made in 1917 on the island of Corfu, demanding the establishment of a Pan-Serbian kingdom under the Serbian dynasty. This declaration was as imperialistic and archaic in its spirit and effect as the Treaty of London; and if Mr. Pasitch is to be made the spokesman of the Jugoslavs in Paris he can hardly be surprised if, as an imperialist, he is met by all the imperialistic influences and power of Italy. If the Serbians are genuine in their espousal of the principle of self-determination of the Jugoslav people, they must see to it that the Jugoslav movement is free from any taint of Prussian philosophy of domination and control before they can hope to win the support and approval of those who are more and more accepting the fact that the ultimate purpose of the war was "to make the world safe for democracy."

HOW LUBIN MET THE KING

Seventy years ago in Poland there was born a Jewish boy, David Lubin. He has just died in Rome. He came early to America and made his way to California. In Sacramento he started a dry-goods store, bearing this sign:

D. LUBIN—ONE PRICE

It was the original one-price store in California. This principle established, the owner's fortune grew. He sold overalls and other things to miners and farmers. Through them he became interested in land problems. He bought a fruit farm, and became still more interested in the spreading abroad of information to growers and laborers. His quick vision outran county, State, National boundaries. In his mind's eye he saw an international institution which at regular intervals should publish reports upon the quality and quantity of crops, the demand and supply of agricultural labor, and concerning collective defense against diseases of plants and animals; in short, a clearing-house of agricultural information.

Lubin vainly tried to get our Department of Agriculture to establish such an international clearing-house. "Very well," he said, after repeated rebuffs; "I have learned of a place where, I think, my ideas may be welcomed." He had heard of the new King of Italy's receptive mind concerning agricultural development. Lubin went to Italy. Fortunately, he got the ear of Luzzati, the first Jewish Italian Premier, and through Luzzati's influence obtained an appointment for an audience with the King. The audience was set for ten o'clock on a certain morning. The King was then at one of his country residences. The evening before Lubin journeyed to the town nearest the castle, together with a distinguished Italian as introducer, according to whom this was what followed:

> When we met each other next morning, I was of course in court dress. Lubin appeared in a business suit, negligée shirt, and tan shoes. I expressed surprise, saying that, no matter what time of day, civilians wore evening dress when presented to his Majesty. "But I haven't any dress coat," protested Lubin. Then we tried to see if he could rent a suit. Alas! none was to be had. As the audience hour approached Lubin tried to soothe me with, "Don't worry. I'll make it all right." His great vision took no heed of Kings or clothes.
>
> At ten o'clock we entered the audience chamber, I in front as introducer. Victor Emmanuel welcomed me cordially; but when I stepped back to present Lubin started at the sight. Lubin did not wait an instant. "King," he said, "some folks may think you a second-class monarch. I don't. I've got a scheme. If you adopt it, it will make you a first-class king;" and before his Majesty could get a word in the seer explained his vision. At end of the the audience not only had he obtained royal support for his idea, but the King had promised a site for the Institute and a subvention of $60,000 from his private purse.

The King called an international congress. Forty nations responded. Their representatives agreed upon Lubin's plan. Fifty-three nations are now represented at the white marble palace which Victor Em-

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manuel erected in the Villa Borghese for the International Institute of Agriculture. The Institute's reports have done much in informing the world concerning crops and labor conditions and in suppressing produce gambling.

A picturesque personality has passed away. His work will endure.

A NEW FORM OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Malden Plan of religious education, now in its third year, is attracting much attention in many parts of the world as a strikingly successful experiment. It originated with several men of large means who became alive to the fact that our young people as a rule—their own children included—were deficient in the fundamentals of religious knowledge. A handsome fund was subscribed, and Boston University undertook the experiment, under Professor Walter S. Athearn, of the Chair of Religious Education in the Graduate School. The large industrial and residential city of Malden, a Greater Boston municipality, was selected as a good field for the work, which was conducted according to laboratory methods by Professor Athearn, with excellent results for his classes.

The Malden Plan starts on the basis of democracy and runs along lines that follow the methods of a public school system. The Malden Council of Religious Education, comprising a large body of representative citizens of all denominations, was organized and incorporated, with the right to hold endowments, bequests, etc. There are a president and a board of directors. A city Superintendent of Religious Education, with functions corresponding to those of a superintendent of public schools, was appointed. Under him the work is conducted along comprehensive lines. The procedure is absolutely non-sectarian. The participation of Roman Catholics or of Jews on absolutely equal terms is heartily welcomed, for in all creeds there is a broad basis of common agreement. Several commissions from the Council were appointed to investigate local conditions: musical training, welfare work and possibilities of co-ordination, educational conditions, etc. On the basis of reports thus obtained the activities of the movement were organized along intensely practical lines.

The great aim was to come into touch with community life in sympathetic ways and to take due advantage of all possibilities for co-ordinated effort wherever practicable. The activities thus agreed upon include, first, the Malden School of Religious Education, working in co-operation with Boston University. The school has an admirable Faculty of sixteen members, all authorities in their subjects. The sessions are held every Tuesday evening in the great parish house of one of the churches. The school proves invaluable for the training of Sunday-school teachers.

Then there is the Malden Festival Chorus, a community organization including both children and adults. Professor H. Augustine Smith, of the chair of Community Music and Pageantry in Boston University, is the director as well as the school's instructor in musical ministries of the church. A highly trained musician, he is known throughout the country as a leader in the widespread movement for community music, which he directs with a high standard of taste and proficiency. In Malden he finds good soil for his work in the excellent quality of musical instruction in the public schools. The adult chorus rehearses weekly with the school, whose students generally participate in the chorus work.

THE PLAN IN OPERATION

These choral activities had a notable effect upon the celebration of Christmas. The Superintendent of Religious Education organized the Christmas celebrations for the principal churches upon a far higher level than the customary observance, and with beautiful effect. There were pageants, with chorals of a high order. The large audience joined in singing songs like "The Lost Chord" and "Sweet and Low." For Christmas there was a big community tree in the central square. Stormy weather caused a postponement to New Year's Eve, when from four directions the children came marching with Japanese lanterns, and for nearly an hour sang their carols about the illuminated tree, the most beautiful of great historic hymns, including Roman Catholic and Jewish. The light which the studies at the school throw upon the origin of these noble old hymns greatly enhances their interest and the appreciation given to the bearing of music upon religion.

In numerous other ways the school work enters into community life. Mr. John L. Alexander, instructor in organizing young people for service and recreation, deals with the use of such organizations as Boy Scouts, Camp-Fire Girls, etc. Mrs. Margaret Eggleston, Professor of Religious Education at Boston University, gives instruction in methods for the young people's division and story-telling for junior and high school grades, with particular reference to the work of the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, and similar organizations. In the second semester, which enters into the open-air months, Mr. Alexander comes from Chicago to direct the launching of a city-wide organization of young people, Mrs. Eggleston meanwhile preparing the leaders for the practical work he is to undertake. The Council's Commission on Correlation of Community Welfare Agencies, convinced of the need of enlisting a larger number of citizens in considering the local social service problems, finds its work bearing fruit in a class under Professor Blanpied, of the chair of Social Service of Boston University, designed to lead to a careful survey of the social welfare situation in the city.

One significant outcome of this movement lies in the fact that the International Sunday School Association has been wakened to new life by a consideration of what has been accomplished by these methods, and has undertaken the task of raising an endowment fund of twenty million dollars for the promotion of like activities throughout the United States.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE

Every country in Europe but Turkey has a retirement and pension system for its civil service employees.

We may have one if Congress passes one of two pending bills. Their authors realize that our civil service, bringing people into Government employment and protecting them from removal save for cause, also enables them to become superannuated after they have been promoted to top grades and highest salaries.

We have now about 7,500 such superannuated employees. They block promotion for lower-grade men. The only remedy is to retire employees at a certain age and, so that they shall not be in want, to fix allowances for them.

The pending bills were introduced by Senators McKellar, of Tennessee, and Pomerene, of Ohio. The first provides that retirement shall begin at sixty-eight years of age except with mechanics and letter-carriers, who may be retired earlier. Under this bill the contribution from employees' salaries would for ten years exceed the outgo for annuities. After that period the Government would have to appropriate a rapidly growing amount, ultimately reaching, so critics allege, hundreds of millions of dollars a year. Moreover, the system must always depend on annual appropriations by Congress, and these may at any time be withheld or delayed. Finally, it permits the funds contributed by one employee to be used for the retirement of others.

For these reasons we prefer the Pomerene Bill. Its general principle is that the system shall rest on equitable contributions from the employee's salary so as to be eventually self-sustaining. In particular it provides that the Government shall bear the entire cost of present and a large share of future superannuation, the Gov-

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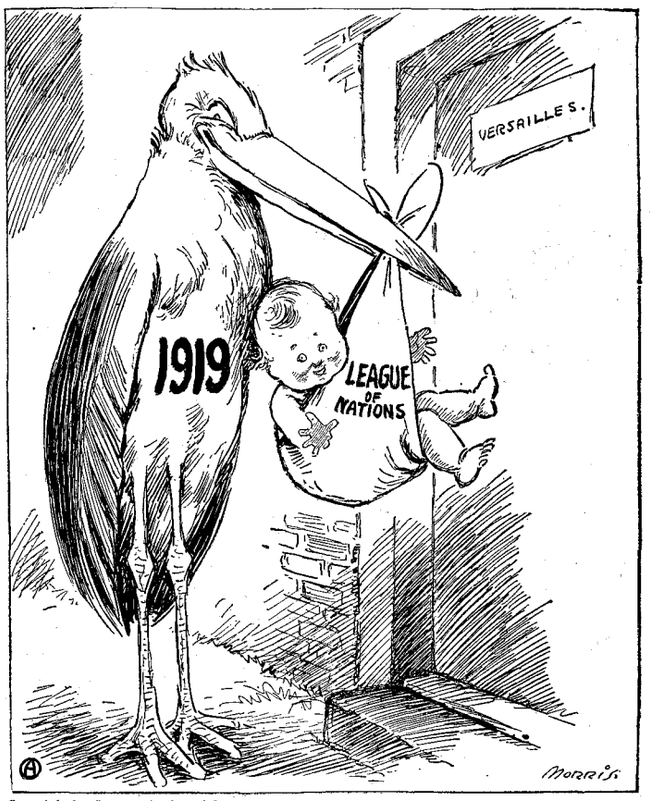
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

WHO SAID "THE IMPERTURBABLE BRITISH"?

JOHN BULL'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT

Morris in the Brooklyn Citizen



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AN EXPECTED ARRIVAL

WILL THE STORK MAKE GOOD AS TO THIS INFANT?

Barclay in the Baltimore Sun

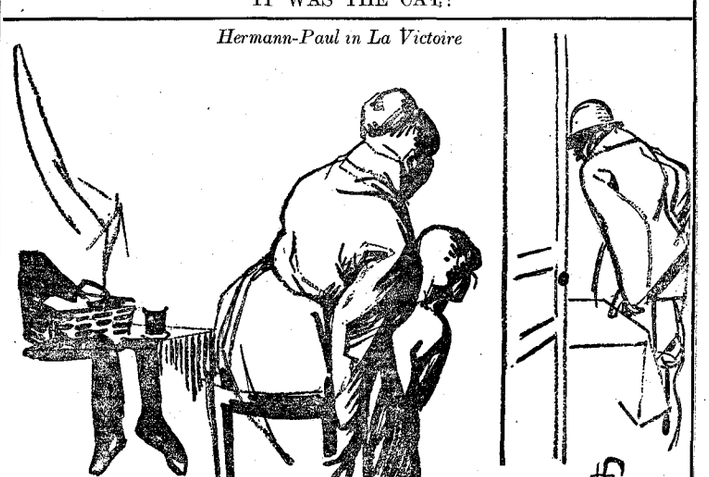
WHERE TWO IS A CROWD

RIVAL CLAIMANTS FOR DEBATABLE GROUND

From the Evening News (London)

IT WAS THE CAT!

Hermann-Paul in La Victoire



IN OCCUPIED GERMAN TERRITORY

The Hausfrau (surprised): "Why, the poilu isn't even going to take our clock!"

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ernment's share to be determined by the employee's length of service; but that as regards new entrants the Government shall bear no part of the cost of superannuation, that it shall be paid entirely out of funds contributed by the employee, these to be deposited in the Treasury in *individual* accounts and to be used for no other purpose than for the payment of annuities to such individuals. Moreover, these accounts to be at all times available for refund, with interest, in case of dismissal, resignation, or other separation from the service.

This sounds less sentimental but more self-respecting than the other bill. Our opinion is also that of many of the lawmakers at Washington.

GIVE THE CHILDREN A CHANCE

The past season's work of the International Association of Daily Vacation Bible Schools shows that such work can easily outrun the summer season for which it was planned.

In 1901, on the East Side of New York City, the attention of Robert George Boville was drawn to the need of bringing together idle children, idle churches, and idle students. He obtained permission to open five church buildings, in which manual work, organized play, and Bible study went hand in hand.

The schedule has been something like this: The school opens with hymns and the repeating of Scripture passages and the Lord's Prayer by the children. The kindergarten goes out for its special work. There are talks on health and patriotism. There is a musical period—vocal and breathing exercises and singing lessons. Then come the calisthenic exercises with music. Then comes the Bible lesson. It is explained by a sand-table or by a stereopticon, or it is "just told as a story" by the teacher. All this takes an hour. The next hour is given up to manual work—basketry, hammock-making, and other weaving and sewing; to Red Cross, hospital and home work; to "first aid" and hygiene. The two hours in the afternoon are devoted to open-air games and excursions.

From the start these schools have been increasingly successful. From one school they have grown to 513. They are now to be found in Canada, and also in Shanghai and Tokyo. They occupy very many vacant churches, and their work, incidentally, shows parishioners that churches should be open week-days as well as Sundays. They have elicited the aid of some 3,600 teachers out of about six hundred schools, colleges, and other institutions. The pupils represent no less than 47 races.

In addition to being kept off the streets and to being taught how to work and how to play, we note that the children are being Americanized, are learning English from that best of all text-books, the Bible.

The total cost of such a school, including salaries and material, is generally no less than $250. If any of our readers would like to see such schools in their communities, they may get information from the Rev. Mr. Boville, 90 Bible House, New York City.

Certainly such work should be extended wherever possible. We would earnestly emphasize its need for a permanent fund of half a million dollars for that purpose.

HOUSING REFORM

Closely associated with the labor problems of our returning soldiers is the question of how and where they shall live. At the western front in France our soldiers have found the Government taking every possible care of their physical condition—baths, hospitals, recreation centers, and even vacations in such beautiful spots as Aix-les-Bains have been provided for our fighting men. They are coming back with new standards of life, and they are not going to accept without protest the old tenement-house and factory slum conditions. They are also going to find that the Government has been spending a hundred million dollars on industrial housing in connection with munition workers and ship-building plants. They will undoubtedly ask, as every thoughtful citizen ought to ask: If the Government devotes such attention to housing its fighting men in time of war, ought it not to take some thought of the housing of its workingmen in time of peace?

The National Housing Association recently held a conference in Boston at which some of these questions were discussed: Shall the Government continue as a landlord after the war? If we are to have Government housing, shall it be Federal, State, or municipal? Or shall it be in the form of Government aid to private enterprise? It was pointed out that more than twenty cities are considering plans for housing reform. Boston itself has recently done much in this direction. The members of the Association were taken by automobile through the unhygienic and badly housed quarters of the city and also through a great playground on the site of what was very recently a particularly obnoxious slum.

Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the distinguished Boston architect, and Chairman of the Boston City Planning Board, pointed out that the increase in suburban railway, trolley, elevated, and subway fares will tend to increase the congestion in city centers. Another speaker, Mrs. Bacon, of Indiana, asserted that one of the motives of the Pilgrim Fathers was to escape from the slums of Europe. Another woman delegate, Miss Jordan, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, who has had much experience in coal-miners' communities, asserted that the industrial tenant wants most of all a living wage, proper working conditions, and a satisfactory house. He also wants agreeable community life and social conditions. If he is to be helped, he must be helped sympathetically and not in a paternal or dictatorial spirit. She recalled the saying of the Southern mountaineer who remarked to an expert of the Rockefeller Medical Foundation: "What air you furriners pesterin' us for? I reckon this 'ere is *our* hookworm!"

When the city and village planning movement first began to attract public notice, it was regarded by many as a kind of pleasant but impractical æstheticism. The country has now learned that good homes, and therefore well-planned cities and villages, form a fundamental essential of our National life and progress. Such an organization, therefore, as the National Housing Association is of vital interest to every American who wants to see his country grow in welfare and intelligence.

LABOR LEGISLATION IN 1918

As usual at the end of a year, the American Association for Labor Legislation has issued a statement of accomplishment. The end of 1918 is notable as registering the fact that now no less than thirty-eight States have workmen's compensation laws and Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico as well. The Federal Government also provides such protection for its own 1,000,000 civilian employees.

The tendency of this legislation is to cover all employments except farm labor and domestic service, but some States still limit compensation to so-called "hazardous" employments.

The compensation for disability ranges from 50 to 66 2-3 per cent, the latter being the rate under the Federal law and in Massachusetts, Nebraska, New York, and Ohio.

In death cases, under the Federal law the widow receives 35 per cent of her deceased husband's wages, with 10 per cent in addition for each child, the total never to exceed 66 2-3 per cent. With variations, a number of States follow this plan. Most laws allow, however, in addition, about $100 for burial.

In all States and Territories except Alaska, Kansas, Louisiana, and Minnesota payment of compensation is made certain by requiring employers to insure their risk.

Now all this is praiseworthy. But one thing is lacking—vocational rehabilitation. Last year Massachusetts authorized its Industrial Accident Board to aid in

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re-educating and in finding employment for those injured in industry. Other States should follow, and, in particular, Federal legislation is needed along this line. Congress recently provided for the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and sailors and for their return to civil employment. Why should not such enlightened legislation be extended to include the far larger number of workers wounded in industry?

On September 4, 1918, such a measure was, we are glad to say, introduced in both houses of Congress.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MR. ROOSEVELT was to me a wise counselor, a courageous comrade, an inspiring personality, and always a loyal and considerate friend. Writing on the day of his death and under the shadow of a great sorrow, I will not trust myself to give any expression to my personal feeling about him, who was the foremost statesman of his time, and, because of his sterling virtues, was at once the best beloved and the most bitterly execrated of America's public men. But I may perhaps do something to interpret to Outlook readers the inspiration of his power and the secret of his extraordinary career.

All good government is government of the worser elements by the best. How to secure this is still the unsolved problem of society. Absolutism assumed that the king was "the Lord's anointed," chosen by Jehovah to rule his people, and therefore possessed of a divine right. Aristocracy assumed that a long course of hereditary breeding would create a noble class fitted to govern the common people. The Puritans assumed that the religious men should rule the world, and therefore vested political power in the church members. Jeremy Bentham and his followers assumed that the people, if left to themselves, would select wise rulers whose interest it would be to govern well that they might be re-elected. All these forms of government agreed that the few must govern and the many must be governed, though they differed widely upon the question of how these rulers should be selected.

Modern democracy denies the assumption that the few must govern and the many must be governed; and to Aristotle's three forms of government—government by the one, by the few, by the many—it is gradually adding a fourth: self-government. For in lieu of government by the best class in the community over the rest it is substituting government by the best in every man over the worser elements in every man.

In my judgment, no man in the history of America, not even Abraham Lincoln, did so much as Theodore Roosevelt to expedite the era of self-government.

Entering politics at twenty-two resolved to make it his profession. Mr. Roosevelt assumed from the outset that politics is the science and practice of government, and that to succeed in the science and practice of government would require the best that was in him. He was ambitious, not to govern, but to lead. He brought to his earliest campaign a frankness and a courage which were novelties in American politics. He had a keen sense of moral values and a dominating faith in moral forces. With an inspired instinct which men call genius, he perceived that virtue and intelligence are characteristic of the American people, and to that virtue and that intelligence he habitually appealed—never to their prejudices or their passions, though he never lacked the courage to rebuke those prejudices and confront those passions. His methods of appeal were sometimes ingenious, but they were always courageous, and his aim was always the same. When he was Civil Service Commissioner and Congress attempted to thwart Civil Service reform by cutting down appropriations, he appealed to the people by abandoning examinations in those districts whose representatives had voted for reducing appropriations and continuing examinations in those districts whose representatives had supported Civil Service reform. When he was Police Commissioner, by his fairness he won the loyal support of every honest policeman, and by the result proved that the rascals who had brought disrepute upon the Police administration were in a minority. When he was elected Governor of the State of New York, he announced his intention to consult with both Mr. Low and Mr. Platt, and faced the hostility both of the Old Guard and of the radical reformers because he did not wish to govern the Republican party, but to lead it. When he became President, he was equally ready to confer with a cowboy or a college president, a labor leader or a millionaire. His tests of character were not conventional; they were not learning, or culture, or social position, or political influence, or wealth. They were the common virtues—courage, frankness, political honesty, personal purity. His messages to Congress were messages to the American people; and it has been well said of them that they were "quite as often treatises on the moral principles of government as they were recommendations for specific legislation or administrative policies." "I am accused of preaching," he once said to a group of his friends; "but I have got such a bully pulpit."

This habit of appeal to the best in every man kept Mr. Roosevelt in what his critics sometimes called the "middle of the road." He denounced corruptionists, whatever their position or political party. He attacked, often in the same speech, "malefactors of great wealth" and "undesirable citizens." He urged on the Senate a general arbitration treaty more radical than it was willing to adopt, and at the same time insisted that until an International Supreme Court is firmly established the Nation must have an army and navy adequate to protect the rights of its citizens; and when such a Court is established the nations must be prepared to maintain its decrees against any recalcitrant nation. The last-published letter he wrote illustrated the judicial poise of a nature always controlled by a passion for even-handed justice. "We should insist," he said, "that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else." At that time he also said: "There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also—he is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag."

This appeal of Mr. Roosevelt to the American people for justice, equal rights, and a fair opportunity for all gives symmetry and cohesion to his varied administrations as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, Governor of New York, and President of the United States. It made him as bitter enemies in influential quarters as any public man in American politics has ever known; but it also made him the most widely admired and best-loved American of his time.

And it did more. It went far toward converting American politics from a trade to a profession; it inspired his colleagues and his party associates; it summoned into political activity followers in both parties and in all sections of the country. Men had thought of politics as a traffic which no man could enter without dishonor. His life proved to them that the highest success is possible to honor, courage, and purity if mated to ability. It raised the ideals and the standards of public life for the entire American people. Its influence in creating the genuine and self-sacrificing patriotism which called the Nation into this world war with a voice which love of ease and dread of war could not resist cannot be estimated. And it has done more than any other one influence, if not more than all other influences combined, to inspire the citizens of this country with a real faith in the intelligence and virtue of their fellowmen, and so in the practicability of that self-government which is the foundation

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of a true democracy because of a true brotherhood of man.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PROPHETIC

AN ancient Hebrew author, writing four or five centuries before Christ, has furnished what may fairly be called a prophetic history, in miniature, of the last four years, and drawn from it a moral applicable to the American people.

Germany's Proposal. "Let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause; let us swallow them up alive as Sheol, and whole, as those that go down into the pit; we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil."

She Invites Turkey and Bulgaria. "Thou shalt cast thy lot among us; we will all have one purse."

The Result. "And these lay wait for their own blood, they lurk privily for their own lives."

The Lesson to America. "So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; it taketh away the life of the owners thereof."

CONCERNING MOTHERS' HINDERERS

"I'M going to advertise for a mother's helper," declared the Lady Eremite, out of her despair.

They were sitting at the supper-table. They had threshed out the nurse question until it lay in tatters at their feet.

"Better look out," volunteered Bess, not quite ten, "that you don't get a mother's hinderer."

The Happy Eremite looked up, grinned, and chuckled.

Bess also grinned; she also chuckled.

"Like Mrs. Fade," she said.

"And Clementina the Somnolent," he added.

"And Mrs. Barlow, who nearly wept on your shoulder, daddy."

"And Miss Kelcey, inefficient but stylish," he went on.

"And Georgette."

"Oh, yes; Georgette, the dark lady, who did not care for bath-tubs."

"And Lucy, daddy—Lucy, who had two husbands."

"And Miss Kilbraith, who had nerves."

"Nerves!" ejaculated the Lady Eremite. "They all have nerves. I don't believe they ever come to the country unless they are on the edge of a nervous breakdown—"

"Or solving a problem of their own," interposed her husband.

"Exactly. It is a dream of my life that some day I shall have some one to help me with the children who hasn't any problem, who hasn't any nerves, and who is willing to do a day's work for a day's wages. I don't ask anything more. She needn't know a thing. She needn't know how to sew or how to read or write. But I do want her to be willing to work as hard as I work myself, and I don't want her to have nerves."

"You won't find her."

"I suppose not. But I like to dream about her. I declare it is restful just to dream that such a creature might exist."

"She might," mused the Happy Eremite, "but she doesn't. What you really want is some nice creature out of the middle of the nineteenth century, docile, unquestioning, self-effacing, a soft-spoken daughter of resignation, whose highest privilege it is to give her life for others, and so forth; a camouflaged slave—"

"I don't!" cried the Lady Eremite, indignantly. "That isn't the sort of person I want at all. I don't want a woman who will work *for* me. I want one who will work *with* me. I merely insist that she shall want to *work*."

"Good!" he answered. "Then it is not a creature out of the middle of the nineteenth century you want, but one out of the middle of the twentieth. The being you are after isn't born yet, or is still toddling. If you live long enough, you may find her. But you might as well make up your mind that you are living half-way between the Age of Respectable Service and the Age of Effective Co-operation. The old idea of household service has completely broken down, and I'm glad it has; it was a relic of slavery. The new idea of co-operation is only just beginning to take shape. You can't expect the class we still call 'servants' to grasp it as long as the majority of their employers still think in terms of seventy years ago, and gravely wonder whether conditions after the war won't bring such an influx of immigrant women that the 'servant problem' will be no more.

"The whole difficulty with the servant problem, as I see it, is just this: we folk who keep servants (when we can!) are a lot of little King Canutes defying the tides of time. Most of us haven't the faintest notion concerning the management of a household—the schools that educated us not having had time to devote to unimportant things like that; but when we do, our knowledge is based on the ideals, not of our own day at all, but of our grandmothers'. We ignore seventy years of social agitation, unrest, and avid reaching out for greater freedom, and attempt to set up a household organization based on a social order which no longer exists.

"In an age of revolt we are trying to run our households in the grooves our ancestors made in an age of submission. At a time when Junkerdom is, as never before, seen as the arch-enemy of free men, we are doing our level best to rule our home roosts on the first principle of the Junker—that there is a caste of masters and another caste of slaves.

"The thing won't work. The servant problem will not be solved by the old law of supply and demand. It will never be solved at all. It will become more and more difficult, that is all, until men and women wake up to the fact that they are not living in 1850, and hurl their conception of 'household service' off into limbo to join the divine right of kings, unrestricted competition, and other discarded conceptions of special privilege."

"That is true enough," cried the Lady Eremite. "But household chores have to be done. And a woman with children cannot possibly do everything, and she would be worth nothing to her children if she did. What are we going to do?"

"Ultimately, as I see it," mused the Happy Eremite, "that is, in 1950, we are going to have our housework done by labor coming in from outside and working in shifts."

"At the moment," exclaimed his Lady, not without exasperation, "I am not a bit interested in 1950. I am interested in to-morrow. I've just got to have some one to help me with the children. If this is an age of revolt, the so-called workers are not going to have a monopoly of insurrection. One of these days I may rebel myself. What will you do then?"

"Why," remarked the Happy Eremite, "there is plenty of precedent for me to go by. I heard of two cases this week where men solved a knotty problem in household service by marriage."

The Lady Eremite gave an indignant exclamation.

"There is Theobald, the German groceryman in Poppy Center. He poured out his woes to me about his household troubles since his wife died a year ago. He has had a holy succession of housekeepers. They tyrannized over him or they starved him, or, when they were satisfactory, they left him out of hand, and he has been wasting away, he says, for lack of proper food. So he asked some friends of his to look round and help him find a suitable person, strong, practical, agreeable disposition, good cook, baker, and butter-maker, whom he could tie to him by the holy bonds of matrimony."

"No one will take him on that basis!"

"My dear lady! He was married three days ago to a Bohemian, one of the best cooks in the county."

"I hope she turns out a shrew! It would serve him right."

"Speaking of shrews brings me straight to the other case I had in mind. This was in Petrograd. A man had a cook who was a virago. He discharged her. He was immediately arrested and locked up. Under the new dispensation of freedom, it seems, you have to give six months' notice before discharging cooks or pay a horrendous fine. He spent a wakeful night studying

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the Bolshevik statutes. The next morning he married his cook."

"The virago?"

"Yes. And immediately deserted her. You see, in the Bolshevik law there is no penalty for desertion. And that's the way he solved his servant problem."

"Oh, daddy," cried Bess, "how would you like it if you had to marry our mother's hinderers just to get rid of them?"

"I think," said the Happy Eremite, "I should prefer to do my share of the housework myself, and I'm not sure that that isn't what we'll all come to before the new age dawns. We'll live more simply than we do now, we'll frantically invent things that go by electricity, we'll insist on work-play-study schools where our children will be well cared for, we'll make cooperation, like charity, begin at home—"

"And we'll find out at last what it is to be really happy," said the Lady Eremite, with a bit of a sigh, as she reached for the daily paper and turned to

SITUATIONS WANTED
FEMALE

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE shock of Theodore Roosevelt's sudden death makes it impossible to think of him at this moment as a statesman or a great historical character. Until the shock passes away and there is time for reflection, arrangement of perspective, and readjustment to the vacant place, one can think of him only as a man brimful of human interest, affection, and personal attachments. No man that I have ever known had such a magnetic personality. All those who came within range of his voice were irresistibly drawn to him—sometimes against their own wishes.

At a great meeting in Carnegie Hall during the Progressive campaign Mr. Roosevelt made one of the finest speeches of his career. He said that after the campaign he expected to be cast aside as a worn-out implement, but that it was the highest duty of any man, who was worth his salt, to spend and be spent in the service of his fellows. Printed type can give no idea of the eloquence and feeling with which Mr. Roosevelt uttered these words. It is enough to say that at this point, in the very middle of the speech, the whole audience instinctively rose to its feet and applauded.

In the audience, seated in one of the orchestra chairs, I saw William Barnes, of Albany, the arch-boss of the "Old Guard" of the Republican party, not only a political but a personal enemy of Theodore Roosevelt. He rose with the rest and joined in the applause. In telling about it afterward he said that he found himself on his feet and applauding before he realized what he was doing. Such was the effect of Theodore Roosevelt's magnetism upon an enemy.

In 1910 I had the pleasure and honor of traveling with him in his notable trip through Egypt, Europe, and Great Britain. I joined him at Khartum, at the head of the Nile, and came back with him to New York. In London, as a result of his constant public speaking, his throat gave out. He was the guest of his friend Colonel, now Sir Arthur, Lee, and the best throat specialist in London was called in to give him daily treatment in order that he might be able to continue his public addresses. This physician, a very distinguished one, whose name at the moment I cannot recall, told me at the conclusion of his visits, when we were about leaving London to sail for New York, that his experience with Mr. Roosevelt was one of the most remarkable in his professional career. He said:

"It has been my general experience in treating patients that I give something out of myself, that in particularly difficult cases I find that I am myself exhausted after a treatment. Something apparently goes out of me into the patient. But with Mr. Roosevelt the situation is exactly reversed. During the professional visits that I have been making I have not once come away from him without feeling invigorated, without a sense of a new vitality that came out of him into me. I have never met his like in this respect."

It was really this mysterious magnetic quality, indefinable and inexplicable, that drew his friends to him with bonds which no amount of political criticism or difference of opinion on specific questions could ever break or even shake.

It is not necessary in this place to relate the details of his career, his birth, his bringing up, his political training, his National and international deeds as President. Most of these ordinary biographical facts are well known, and, if not known, they can be easily ascertained from his autobiography, which was published in 1913, and which contains his most delightful writing—that semi-humorous comment upon men and events which made his dinner-table conversation so engaging and absorbing.

Mr. Roosevelt was both a wit and a humorist. His humor was of the most genial kind, and he could tell a story at his own expense with great gusto. His wit was flashing, keen, and sometimes biting. It was a wit which led him occasionally to say things of his antagonists that rankled. Rancor, however, was as far from him as it is from a happy and normal child. He could "get mad," but he never stayed so. No man was more ready to forgive and forget provided the reconciliation was reciprocal and there was no principle at stake.

What will especially interest Outlook readers, I think, are some of the details of his editorial connection with this journal. The element of general public interest in his relation with The Outlook lies in this fact—that for the first time in American history an ex-President chose journalism as his working profession after returning to private life. The way in which he came to make this choice was as follows:

Not long after Mr. Roosevelt's election to the Presidency in 1904 he announced that he would not be a candidate for a second consecutive term. In the summer of 1905 I began to turn over in my own mind one day what Mr. Roosevelt would do when he left the Presidency. It seemed to me that after he left official life he must have some organized means of expressing his views and exerting his influence on public questions. He was not a lawyer by profession, as so many other ex-Presidents have been, and he could not go into active industrial or financial business. That had been tried by one ex-President, General Grant, with disastrous consequences. Since Mr. Roosevelt was not only a statesman but a man of letters, I wondered whether some form of journalism in which he could take part in discussions on social, economic, and political questions would not be appropriate. Would it be possible to have him associate himself with The Outlook? The suggestion was put before him. How he met it is described in a letter to me, dated March 5, 1917, from which I quote:

> It was your father and you yourself who personally brought to my attention the idea of my joining The Outlook as a Contributing Editor. This was in the White House at the beginning of the year 1906. I spoke of it again with your father that summer and in the following year, but I came to no definite decision until the spring or early summer of 1908, when you came to see me at Sagamore Hill, and I agreed definitely to go in with you on practically the basis on which I afterward did go in. It was your father who was the decisive factor in getting me to accept. I *might* have accepted your request alone; but I have a peculiar feeling for your father. I regard him and have long regarded him as a man who in a way stands entirely apart from all others in our National life, and, if the expression does not seem exaggerated, my regard for him has in it a little of that feeling of reverence which is perhaps the finest feeling an old man can inspire in younger men—even when these younger men, like myself, become old men! I felt honored to be

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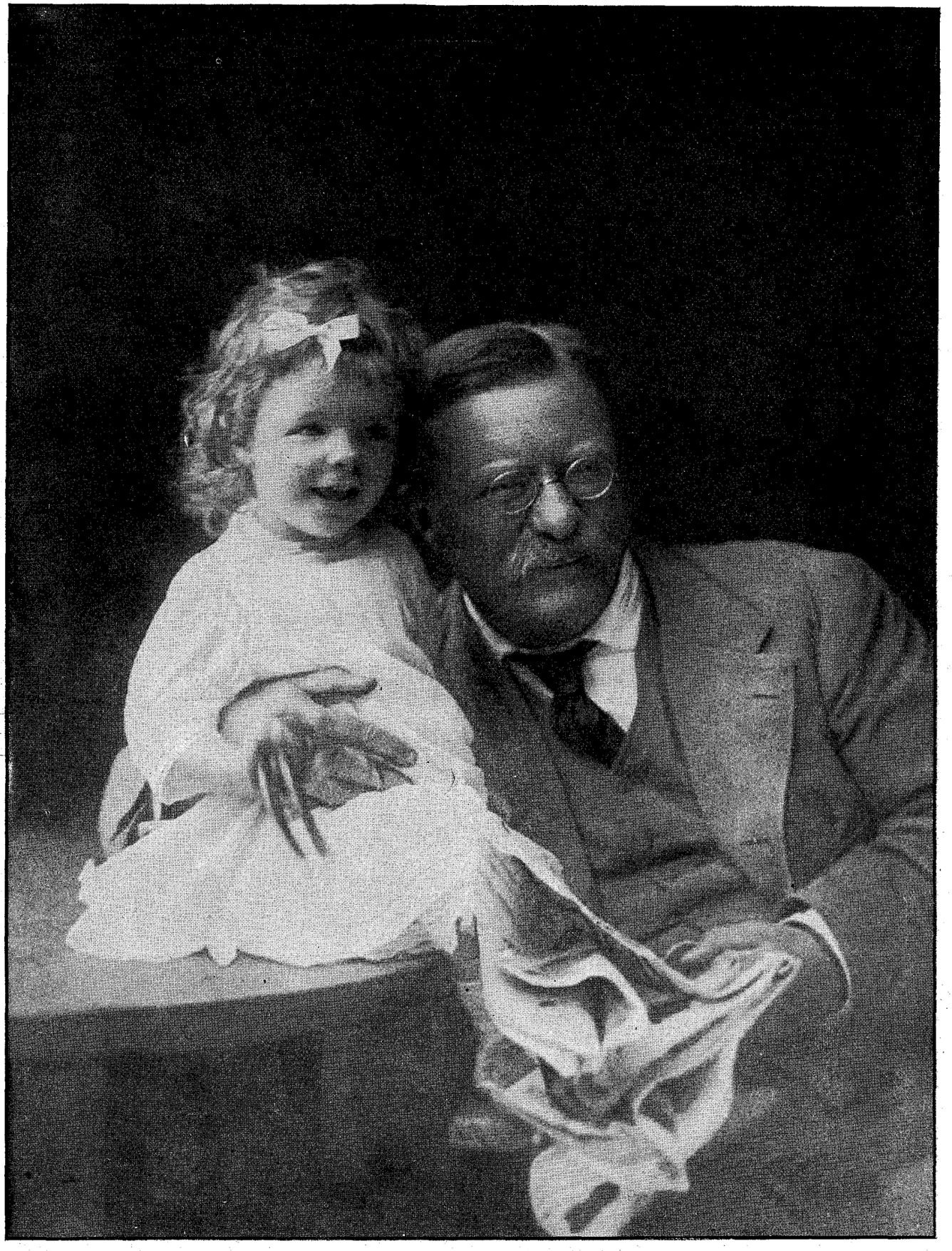

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT PLAY

His love for children is illustrated in this photograph taken at Sagamore Hill with his first grandchild, the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT WORK

From a photograph taken in 1912 at his desk in the office of The Outlook

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associated with him, and I was also very glad to be associated with the rest of you.

I make no affected apologies for printing this letter. At such a time as this ordinary conventions fade out of sight, and, while Mr. Roosevelt's words pay a tribute to my father (which, by the way, he does not know is being published in this place), they are also, I think, a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's own fineness of feeling and personality. They disclose a side of his nature which the general public has not seen too much of and which ought to be more generally known.

The result of these negotiations was that on the 7th of November, 1908, The Outlook was able to announce that "on and after the 5th of March, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt will be associated with The Outlook's editorial staff as special Contributing Editor." From that day until June, 1914, he was in a very real sense a member of our staff. He made his office with us and he regularly attended our weekly editorial conferences.

This is not the time or place to attempt any large interpretation of his personality, character, genius, and achievements; but why may I not say with very deep feeling that he endeared himself to every individual in our organization and proved to be one of the most delightful and companionable men to work with that I have ever known? The arrangement was that he was to be free to express his own views over his own name and that The Outlook was equally at liberty to state its opinion even when it varied from his on public questions. We rarely differed, but when we did he accepted the difference of opinion with perfect loyalty to the understanding which was the basis of our joint work. He believed in what he called "team-work," and practiced his belief. He listened to the views of his colleagues, and often modified his own as a result of the interchange of opinion. He never wrote an article which he did not submit before publication to one of us, and almost invariably accepted our suggestions, sometimes with regard to verbal expressions and sometimes with regard to change of ideas or views of the article. I do not mean to give the impression that he altered his mind frequently. On matters of principle he could be as fixed as adamant. But in methods of putting a principle into effect he habitually sought counsel and advice and was eager to adopt suggestions. He not only contributed articles over his own name to these pages, but his wide experience, his vast knowledge of men and affairs, and his unique ability as an interpreter of political and social movements found expression in our columns through the comments and suggestions which he made at the weekly editorial conference.

During the Progressive campaign of 1912 his rooms in The Outlook office may be said to have been the National Headquarters of the party. They were thronged with all sorts of people, from the highest to the lowest, who sought his counsel or his aid. Those who were closest to him know that he threw himself into this movement in a spirit, not of self-aggrandizement, but of self-sacrifice. What the sacrifice was only those know who have heard him in the intimacy of private conversation express his sorrow over the loss of old and cherished friendships—friendships, however, it is a happiness to be able to say, which were later, to his own real satisfaction, renewed and restored.

In October, 1913, Mr. Roosevelt left New York on his famous South American trip. He had two motives in making this journey. One was to accept an invitation by the *Museo Social* of Argentina, issued in the name of the Minister, Mr. Naón, to deliver, under the auspices of that organization, a series of lectures on the principles of democracy. The lectures were a great success and had much to do with cementing the growing friendship between the people of the northern and southern continents of the Western world.

The dozen or more articles which he wrote as a kind of staff correspondence to The Outlook on his unique journey through the South American republics brought unknown regions before American readers with unusual vividness and charm. These papers are not only discussions of political philosophy, such as the paper which he wrote on "South America and the Monroe Doctrine," but are descriptions of nature and human life in an undiscovered country, such as the article called "From Ox Cart to Motor Car in the Andes." For some reason these papers have never yet been collected or published in book form, although they unquestionably deserve to find a place with his permanent writings.

The other motive of his South American journey was to make a tour of exploration in the unknown and mysterious jungles of Brazil. The record of that trip is a familiar one. It was a trip of remarkable exploits and hunting adventures in the South American wilderness; but it was also a trip of constructive exploration. He had with him a group of scientists who combined their skill with his own scientific knowledge and interests. Under his leadership the expedition discovered much that was an addition to the knowledge of the geography and the flora and fauna of the South American jungle. In the wilderness he became infected with a severe form of jungle fever, and, while his extraordinary physical vigor enabled him to conquer it or rise superior to it, it is more than probable that this was the source of the illness which has just resulted in his death.

After his return from the South American journey in June, 1914, it was apparent that in spite of himself he was to be again an active political figure in the United States, and for that reason he severed his connection with The Outlook, saying:

> If I had been able, as I expected, to be a man entirely removed from all participation in active politics, nothing would give me keener pleasure than to keep on in the future exactly as in the past. . . . Having to do this political work, it has become impossible for me to give the time necessary to carry out my duties as a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook. Accordingly, with the deepest regret, I hereby resign from that position. I am most sincerely sorry to sunder my editorial connection with The Outlook.

Theodore Roosevelt had a natural instinct and genius for friendship. Although he was an omnivorous reader, a tireless student, and in some branches an accomplished scholar, he was distinctly a social being. His family life was the greatest source of refreshment and delight to him. He loved children, and children loved him. This love and understanding of children he discloses unconsciously in a story which he tells in one of the most readable and delightful chapters of his autobiography, a chapter entitled "Outdoors and Indoors."

> When I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Leonard Wood and I used often to combine forces and take both families of children out to walk, and occasionally some of their playmates. Leonard Wood's son, I found, attributed the paternity of all of those not of his own family to me. Once we were taking the children across Rock Creek on a fallen tree. I was standing on the middle of the log trying to prevent any of the children from falling off, and while making a clutch at one peculiarly active and heedless child I fell off myself. As I emerged from the water I heard the little Wood boy calling frantically to the General: "Oh! oh! The father of all the children fell into the creek!"—which made me feel like an uncommonly moist patriarch.

A man to whom children gravitate on terms of natural and easy friendship—such a man you can put your trust in. The whole world knows of his vigor, his courage, his unparalleled physical exploits. No one admired or envied this side of his personality more than I. But to-day I like to think of his thoughtfulness, gentleness, tenderness, love for children, and consideration for others, which were qualities as pronounced, as constant, and as characteristic of him as those which made him intrepid when facing a lion, or resolute and uncomplaining when staggered by a murderer's bullet or lying under the surgeon's knife. No one in modern or even ancient times, save perhaps the mythological Odysseus, has lived so rich, full, and varied a life as Theodore Roosevelt. It was an honor to be his fellow-countryman and a never-ending source of invigoration and joy to be his friend. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

New York, January 6, 1919.

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HAVE THE GERMANS WON THE WAR?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"THIS is a great day for you," said a voice in broad Scotch.

"Yes, indeed," I nodded; and I pushed through the crowd a little closer to the Tommy who had spoken to me.

Never have I seen the sidewalks of a city thronged more densely. Every open space bordering the well-guarded street was packed. I wanted to see how the people of Paris welcomed the American President, and so I took my luck as they took theirs. I had sought a vantage-point on the Madeleine; but there was no chance there. Even the niches high up in the walls were occupied by men who had climbed there somehow. I edged my way to the sidewalk, and there I found this Scotch Tommy. While we awaited the coming of the President my new-found acquaintance continued the conversation.

"He brought you in in just the nick of time."

He spoke feelingly, for, as I learned afterward from him, he had seen some of the worst of the war. He had been near Ypres, had lived in the dugouts under Vimy Ridge, and had fought on the Somme battlefields. He had been wounded, and was expecting orders to go to the front again when the armistice came. Yes, he had reason for thankfulness at the turn of the tide; and he gave the credit to President Wilson.

What this Tommy said to me on the Boulevard Malesherbes in Paris had been said to me in much the same words in drawing-rooms and at dinner tables in England and Scotland. "Your great President," I was told again and again, "saved the day. We owe the victory to President Wilson." So it is in France. It even resounds in the shouts of the people. It is very little *vive l'Amérique*, and even less *vivent les Américains*, but *vive Wilson*. And a great electric decoration in the Galeries Lafayette bears the legend

HONNEUR Â WILSON

If you were from Mars, you might conclude from what you hear on the street and read in the newspapers in Great Britain and France that one man had turned the scales in the war—Woodrow Wilson—and that all that the American people did was to furnish the money and the men at his bidding.

Now what Europe does concerning America, America does concerning Europe. As people here talk about us in symbols, so we talk about them in symbols. As they say "Wilson" when they mean the Americans, so we say "the Kaiser," or "the Crown Prince," or "Hindenburg," or "Ludendorff," or "Tirpitz" when we mean or ought to mean the Germans. The danger in talking in symbols is the danger of substituting in our minds and in our actions the symbol for the thing symbolized. We talk about the Kaiser as a symbol of the Germans so much that we are in danger of thinking that when the Kaiser abdicates the Germans are transformed. One way of being cured of that fault is to come here and see what the Germans have done to Belgium and France. What I have seen could not have been done by the Kaiser, or the Crown Prince, or Hindenburg, or Ludendorff, or Tirpitz, or all of them together multiplied by a thousand. It could not have been done by a group, or a government, or a party. It could have been done only by a race. I have been along the front from Ypres to Pont à Mousson, east of St. Mihiel—the British, the French, and the American front—and I have come to Paris wondering whether our people will ever understand what the German people have done to the people of France and of Belgium. I wonder if it is possible to tell America.

One thing is certain: if America fails to see and fails to understand, she will have lost what she has been fighting for, and the men who have died in the fight, while remaining a glorious testimony to American faith, will have been a futile sacrifice.

The war has yet to be won.

What has happened?

The German people, several million of them, have made a colossal raid on two neighboring peoples—the people of Belgium and the people of France—and have destroyed an uncounted number of their homes, together with many churches and beautiful, irreplaceable works of art, carrying off their tools and machinery, and even ruining the productivity of the soil, and then when other neighbors have come to the rescue, these German people—not just the Kaiser and Crown Prince and Hindenburg and Ludendorff, but German people by the million—have withdrawn in good order, and have marched back to their own country, with bands playing and flags flying, and have been told by their leaders till they are in a fair way to believe it that they were unconquered. Are they right? That, it seems to me, remains to be seen. It is true they have handed over to their neighbors great stocks of guns and ammunition and other instruments of war. It is true they have ignobly surrendered to their neighbors their finest warships. But they look upon that proceeding as a mere matter of business. Guns become worn out and obsolete and have to be replaced, anyway, after a term of years. Ships of war become antiquated in a very short time and are supplanted by new navies. When an instrument has done its work, what is the use of keeping it? On the other hand, much of what the German people have destroyed in Belgium and France can never be replaced. The Cloth Hall at Ypres—how can that be replaced? The purpose of a battleship is to fight, and a new battleship will serve that purpose better than an old one; but the purpose of the Cloth Hall at Ypres was to carry over the soul of an earlier age into the ages that follow, and that is something that a new hall cannot do. And those picturesque French villages—no new villages can replace them. A village built in the twentieth century can never be a fifteenth-century village.

Now if the damage which the German people have done to their neighbors had been merely to destroy the Cloth Hall at Ypres or to ruin a half-dozen of these quaint and picturesque villages, it would have been incalculable. But what they have done is to create a desolation so vast that it is simply impossible even for one who has seen it, or a considerable part of it to comprehend its enormity.

After spending nine days covering a hundred and fifteen to a hundred and sixty miles a day in motor cars, passing through ruined village after ruined village, occasionally stopping at some strategic point and sparing a few hours for each of several battered cities, I have seen only a small part of what the German people—German clerks and workingmen, German doctors and lawyers and professors and business men, disguised as soldiers—have done to a rich and beautiful region of our world. What I saw in one day was enough to leave me physically and mentally numb by early dusk. The days are short in northern France in December, and by half-past three or four in the afternoon the light is fading, and soon afterwards the long twilight sets in. At that hour on more than one day as the car sped past demolished buildings and wasted fields I found myself actually dozing, for it was no longer possible for me to keep my attention fixed on the monotony of destruction. Hour follows hour; crumbling house succeeds crumbling house; the desolated field one sees at one moment is as drear as the desolated field one has seen the moment before. The only thing that can then shock one into alert attention is something normal and living—a farm that seems habitable, a village with people really living in it; and by that time it is dark and nothing is visible.

After seeing what I have seen I could understand what a Belgian officer said to me on the train from Amiens to Paris. We were in the dining-car. He was sitting opposite to me. I had very little French, but he had more English, and we fell into conversation. He had fought at Liège with the artillery. He had been in the retirement to Antwerp. He had helped to stem the onrush of the Germans through his country. He had been an observer with the Belgian air forces in German East Africa, delivering a dependent people from their German taskmasters; and at the end of the war he was fighting the Boche on Belgian soil once more near Ypres, and had survived to see with his own eyes the entry of the Belgian King into Brussels. He spoke quietly of his experiences, like a true soldier. and was

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looking forward with pleasure to the day when he could resume his profession of engineering; but there was no sign of relenting in his tones when he spoke of the Germans. It was apparently inconceivable to him that a Belgian, after what had happened, should have any normal dealings with the Germans. To his mind a change in the form of the government of Germany could not relieve the German people of the burden of their crimes. The actual perpetrators of the crimes he had witnessed were not the German Government off in Berlin, but the German people who were in Belgium. And he summed up what he had been saying in this simple sentence: "The German Empire or the German Republic—it is all the same to me."

That exactly expresses what I felt at the close of each day I spent in traveling through the devastated region—such a day, for instance, as that on which I went through Arras to Douai, and back through Lens.

The region from which the motor car started that morning had been kept free from the blighting touch of the Boche. The little town of Fruges, with its solid heavily built stone church and its open town square, was alive with people. The rewere few children about, for the morning session of school had begun. I had seen boys on their way to school an hour earlier stop to throw stones into an old moat, had heard their shouts, and had listened to the cheerful chatter of little girls as they went by in groups to their daily study and recitations. Of the men in the streets few wore the smocks of the French farmer; most of them were in the gray-blue uniform of the *poilu*, or, if in civilian dress at all, almost every one of them wore at least the cap or the tunic or the breeches that betokened his past services as a soldier and his present thrift in using in his work the clothes that the nation had given him. The road we were following led up a hill, then turned to the left. For the most part it was lined with trees, as almost all highways and many byroads in France are. It passed through a slightly rolling farming country. On either side stretched wide fields, still green except where the rich brown earth had been turned up by the plow. For two or three miles we passed through this open country with scarcely a house in sight, but all about us a smiling, cultivated land, unbroken by fence or wall; then we came upon a village, white-walled, red-roofed, a succession of houses each with its own individuality and yet all uniting to make a common village structure, low, winding with the road. Most of these villages presented the appearance of low-eaved, high-roofed walls, pierced with windows and broken by gates or farmyards, on either side of the road. One village, however, I recall, which presented the gable ends of its houses to the street with picturesque effect. These villages embody the social instinct of the French, for here the farmers that till the land live in communities, going out to their fields in the morning and returning to their villages at nightfall. It is said that the need of water brought these communities into existence originally, because the water lies so deep under the surface that it was too costly for each family to dig its own well, and so the community well created the village. For one or two stretches of several miles the villages seemed practically continuous, the houses walling the road, keeping close together like friends seated side by side for company's sake. The villages were quiet, for the men and women were out in the fields, where we saw them working in the soil of France they love.

And then we came upon a thing that was ugly—ugly in itself, and fairly hideous in what it implied. It was a series of deep, twisting ditches with banks of earth on each side; and beyond the ditches rows of short posts; and curling around the posts a matted mass of rusted barbed wire which extended like a brown smudge across the green fields to the horizon. This thing had been drawn across the land of France that the fields we had passed might be kept fair; that the villages we had passed might be kept intact in their seasoned quaintness; that the French women and children might be kept safe from the ravaging, withering touch of the Germans. These trenches, dug in 1916, had never been used, for men in gray-blue and men in khaki had fought the German bandits back before they could reach this region. These trenches, however, told us something of what we were coming to.

What we saw just before we reached Arras I cannot recall, for the sight of Arras itself wiped it from my mind. We drew up in front of the Cathedral—or what was once a cathedral. I mounted the long flight of broad steps and went inside—but I was still outdoors. The sky was visible above me. All about was ruin. The débris within the shattered walls rose in hills to half the height of the Cathedral's columns. One wing of the transept was gone. I climbed up on the grass-grown débris by a path that had been worn by others climbing there, and looked out over the troubled sea of ruined houses round about. How did people survive the rain of death that had beaten these houses into splinters? I do not know; yet I met one who had lived through it all. She was an elderly lady. She came out from her dwelling opposite the Cathedral. She was small and delicately lined. Her lips quivered as she spoke. She had lived in a house outside of Arras, but escaped to the city when the Germans came. Her husband had left her well-to-do, but all her money, left behind, had been taken by the Germans. She had brought her horse with her, but that had been killed in the bombardment of the city. The woman who had given her refuge in Arras, the mother of a maid she had employed, had lost her life when a shell struck the garden behind the house. And yet this sensitive, delicately nurtured lady had lived through it all, and was there telling her story!

Arras is not all in ruins. The Germans selected certain portions for demolition. The Cathedral was the center of one portion. Among French works of architecture that comprise such cathedrals as Chartres and Rheims, Arras Cathedral cannot be called great; but the *hôtel de ville* (or town hall, as we should say) was a thing of beauty, and it had a beautiful setting in a square of quaint buildings. That square is a vast rubbish heap, and that *hôtel de ville*, with its aspiring belfry, is now an inconsiderable remnant of masonry.

The stone from which Arras was built was quarried on the site, and the quarries are now the cellars of the houses. One of these vaulted cellars was used as a chapel, the Chapel of St. Saviour, where not even the high explosive of the Hun could prevent divine service. There the altar was a wide table covered with a coarse white cloth. My electric flashlight was as necessary there as it was in the dugouts I had explored. It was in such cellars that the people of Arras—those who remained there—took refuge while houses crashed over their heads.

The road from Arras to Douai led first through the village of Blangy—it once led through such a village. Now what it leads through is a conglomeration of ruins. It led over a railway cut. Now what I saw might have been the dry bed of an old canal. On we went through an open country. At least it once was country. Now what I saw was a waste of desert land. Off to the right was a little rise of ground—I could hardly discern it. For that slight undulation in the land men had died. All about were dugouts. On we went. We came to heaps of rubbish. That was once another village. It was once called Gavrelle. Now it is not even worthy to be called a collection of ruins. Six miles we had gone through this worse than desert. A desert can be lovely; it is never mean and sordid. And this was once France. It was beyond belief. Two and a half miles farther, and we came upon what was left of Fresnes—now just empty, jagged remains of houses; and passed Brumères. Or was it Brumères that was the mass of ruins? And did we pass Fresnes without knowing it was a village?

By this time we had gone some fourteen miles and had seen nothing but desolation. Off in the southern sky there was a great silver-gray biplane—a huge Handley-Page bombing machine—making its way toward the southwest. It was the only beautiful thing in sight. On we went under a broken-down railway bridge, on past Lambres (where the destruction seemed less), on past meadows which the Germans had flooded by turning in the water from the neighboring canal, on across the canal by a wooden bridge temporarily replacing the one broken by shell-fire or explosion, on through a narrow street into the heart of Douai. At first Douai seemed hardly touched. There were ruined houses here and there, although the city outwardly looked intact. But the horror of the place soon made itself known. As I walked about the streets I soon saw that the houses had been demolished from the inside! The shop windows displayed, not goods, but débris. In one place lay the iron hammer which

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had evidently been used in demolishing the fittings of the shop and all the contents that had not been carried off. I called, with others, on a lawyer of the town who had lived there for four years under German rule. German officers had been quartered in his house. He had devoted his time to the service of the Red Cross. As the Germans saw their hold on the city growing weaker, they sent him and all other people of education away and then sacked their houses. His house was filled (at least the ground floor, which I saw, was) with an inextricable mass of papers of all kinds, whatever desks and shelves contained, bits of furniture, picture-frames—everything that the Germans had left after rifling the house. To sort and recover anything of value in that confusion seemed hopeless.

Incidentally, he told of some of his experiences with the Germans, of their contempt for the British—at first—whom they called babies (and he made the gesture of spanking), and for the Americans, whom they despised as an unmilitary people.

The Germans were driven out of Douai; but the belfry of Douai's *hôtel de ville* (unlike that of Arras) is still standing unscathed by Allied shell-fire.

But we could not linger in Douai. Turning toward Lens, we pass through Cuincy. There the houses still stand, though badly shattered by the shells that fell in the street. Then the road takes us through Flers, where I note in my memoranda taken in the car as I pass that the church belfry has a hole in it. Soon indications of the coal region appear—huge culm piles, like small mountains. Everywhere there are German signs. One of them is a warning to have the gas mask at hand. At a grade-crossing the railway is gone, and nothing left but a scarred roadbed. At an overhead crossing the railway bridge is down. As we proceed the damage grows greater and greater. Houses are in ruins. We pass Billy-Montigny. Then we enter Lens.

It is a city of rubbish. Nothing but rubbish. Everywhere rubbish. Blocks upon blocks of it—a waste pile as big as a city. Incredible desolation. As we pass block after block the eye grows weary with the sight of the rubbish. Bricks, mortar, sticks of wood, bits of stone, here and there the fragments of a wall. It is only a few weeks ago that the Germans were in Lens, and now Lens is nothing but acres and acres of ash-piles, of rubbish, of waste.

I cannot remember past what the road took us when we left Lens. All I know is that rubbish and ruin followed the road, that there was nothing that seemed habitable, or seemed ever likely again to be habitable. The promise of dusk was in the sky, and it was a relief to know that darkness was to hide for a few hours what I had been seeing. We passed through what the map names Angres, and then came to a stop at what the map calls Souchez.

There is a brook there (I believe they call it a river). It is a little thing; but not all the horrible months of shelling could obliterate it. It still runs. But through what a waste! Souchez? Was there ever such a village? I am told so. The map says so. I can, however, recall no signs of it. I saw signs of human habitation; but they were ditches and burrows in the earth. I walked up on Vimy Ridge, climbing easily the steep hill which a few months ago men died by the scores and hundreds and thousands attempting to ascend. I stood on the summit of the ridge. To the north and a little to the east lay Lens, in the haze and the distance looking like a city, though I knew it was not. To the west and somewhat to the north extended the ridge of Notre Dame de Lorette; and all around extended a desolate country. Some one standing by likened it to the Cripple Creek mining region of Colorado. But Cripple Creek shows signs of life, and this showed signs only of death. Here and there I could see in the valley the remnants of a house. There was no signs of things growing, no signs of cultivated land; only a great stretch of deadness for miles around. Was this France? No; it was just a little piece of what the Germans have done to France.

I have tried to sketch a day. It is only a sketch. There were other days—days when I saw more ruin. I have chosen this day to tell of mainly because it would take more space to tell even in bare outline of other days when I passed for miles on miles through such ruin and desolation.

I have seen Bethune, torn and gashed. I have seen La Bassée, of which there is left only one house that retains even the form of a house. I have seen Armentières, a city deserted. I have seen the convulsed, contorted land of Flanders. I have seen Ypres, its once beautiful Cloth Hall only a masonry crag and all the city a grass-grown ruin. I have seen Gheluvelt—no, I have not seen it, for it has been demolished and its very remnants churned with the Flanders mud. I have seen Albert—all ruins. I have seen the desolation on the road from Albert to Bapaume, where villages have been obliterated so that there is no sign of even the foundations of the houses that once were French homes. I have seen Bapaume, and crossed the Hindenburg line to Cambrai. I have seen what the Germans did (a little of what they did) to Cambrai. I have seen Noyon, the home of Calvin, so battered that the site of the house of Calvin can be now identified only by the expert. I have seen Lassigny and Montdidier—bare ruins. I have seen St. Quentin; have spent the night in that city, deserted except for soldiers, prisoners, and refugees, and have seen its violated graves. I have seen La Fère after its second scourging by the Germans (the other was in 1870). I have seen Laon, where children were actually playing in the streets. I have seen the Chemin des Dames and the land leprous with shell-holes and trenches along the road past Moulin Laffaux. I have seen Soissons and its mutilated Cathedral. I have seen Verdun and St. Mihiel and the dead ruins of Seicheprey, America's European Lexington. And I have seen other towns and villages, which I have not even tried to count, ruined and destroyed; and miles of territory which I have not tried to measure rendered desolate. I have seen the murdered trees. In the upheaval of the chalky substratum I have seen the very soil assassinated.

A few months before the war a German lieutenant, vexed at an Alsatian crowd in the streets of Saverne, slashed a cripple on the edge of the crowd with his sword. Then Germany drew the sword and slashed the living body of France. The gash extends across some of what is fairest in France. It is a gaping wound. It will take years to heal, and it will leave a scar for all time. But it is not merely the body of France that the Germans have slashed; they have wounded her soul. They have not merely destroyed towns and villages and factories, impoverished acres of her soil, and stolen her goods; but they have demolished thousands of her homes, wrecked thousands of her families, battered down churches that were symbols of her faith, ruined monuments that were otherwise imperishable embodiments of her art, and even torn from her and destroyed invaluable relics of her history.

That is not war. To call it war is an insult to hell, to which war has been likened. It is the very depth of brigandage, rapine, utter malice, criminal outrage, carried out with the coldest calculation.

And there are Germans by the thousands that believe it has paid. The Germans, it is true, have lost their colonies—for the time being, at least; but it remains to be seen whether they have lost them for good and all; and if they have there are Germans who are ready to say "good riddance" to them. It is true that the Germans have lost Alsace-Lorraine; but they have cut a gash in France comparable in area to Alsace-Lorraine, and may probably gain far more than the equivalent by the annexation to Germany of German Austria. They have lost a great many men; but not as many as they have caused their competitors to lose. And they have rendered the Russians, their neighbors who are farthest away from help, quite impotent to protect their own property, have managed to get their hands on the Russians' estate, and have not encountered so far any very effective obstacle put in their way by Russia's friends.

Even in the world-wide opinion that they have suffered defeat the Germans have found a force favorable to their own security from enduring the consequences of their deeds. Among themselves they still sing "*Deutschland über Alles*;" but in addressing others they appeal for sympathy. Their old bandit leader is gone, but the gang that he led, a gang of sixty-seven million people, is reorganizing, and is likely to be all the stronger if it succeeds in managing to select its own bandit leaders. The ancient Teutonic tribes were both predatory and self-governing. What is to prevent the modern German

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tribes from changing their form of government into a republic and still remaining powerful and predatory?

Will the Germans get away with it? Have they really won the war?

That question has not been answered yet. It can be answered only by the so-called Peace Conference. I say "so-called," because, if it does its work aright, Peace Conference is a misnomer. It ought to be called the Justice Conference, or the Interallied Conference for Justice.

If the American people can understand what the Germans have done, they will understand that what the Interallied Conference must exact is something far more important than reparation.

Reparation of course there must be for all that is reparable. Germany's brigandage must be made to cost Germany more than she has made it cost France. That is indubitable. Having laid waste French soil, the Germans with calculating shamelessness threw up their hands before their own land was touched. Some people must stagger under the burdens of making devastated France and Belgium habitable and productive. It must not be the Belgians and the French, but the Germans. As much as that is obvious.

There is no reason that I know of why the two years that Germany formerly required of every able-bodied German young man for military service should not now be required of every able-bodied German young man for the hard work—performed under military discipline and on military terms of subsistence, under French and Belgian direction—of undoing in France and Belgium, as far as possible, the Germans' work of destruction. German labor thus devoted to necessary but unprofitable tasks will release an equal amount of Allied labor for profitable employment. And German capital and German resources can be used without recompense in providing materials and instruments for that labor, leaving Allied capital and Allied resources for uses that can be recompensed.

As much as this the Allied Conference can require. But there is something more that justice demands.

When a criminal commits a murder and in the process destroys some of his victim's property, the law does not first hold him accountable for the restoration of the property, but first tries him and finds him guilty of the crime, and applies the penalty. A community which defines crime, forbids it, but applies no penalty for its commission, has no valid criminal law. Is the public law of nations valid law? The Germans said it was not. They said that their neighbors had no rights that they were bound to respect; that there was no law of nations which they were bound to observe. It was because they believed they could by force establish the truth of their doctrine that they made what they called war. If they are not held accountable as criminals, they will have won the war, for they will have established their doctrine. Does international law have teeth? That has not yet been decided. That is the most important matter that the Interallied Conference has to determine.

In one of the Paris picture shops I bought a picture post-card which bears on it one of the famous cartoons of the war. In the background a column of German prisoners are depicted marching past, and in the foreground is shown a little girl looking up questioningly into her mother's wearied face and asking: "Mammy, are those the men that killed daddy?"

On my way through the desolated region I met many such columns of German prisoners in their greenish uniforms, and each time I saw them, well fed but sullen, and then looked about on the landscape or the village through which I was passing, a region contorted in death, I said to myself, "These are the men that did this."

These are the men—these and the others who have marched back to Germany, who are praised by their leaders as unconquered and who are pelted with flowers by their fellow countrymen and women. It is reported by an observer in Berlin [1] that the cabarets are "packed to suffocation with women in expensive toilets and both soldiers and civilians dancing and drinking wine costing £2 [$10] a bottle;" that "seats at the theaters can only be booked two days ahead;" and that a Berliner said, in explanation, to him, "We are trying to forget."

Will they be allowed to forget? Will the coming generation of Germans be allowed to forget?

In the answer to that question it will be decided whether the Peace Conference, which is about to assemble here in Paris as I write, will be an Interallied Conference for Justice, and whether the League of Nations of which, it is hoped here, the Conference will be the nucleus, will be a League of Law.

Paris, France, December 19, 1918.

HOW AMERICA FINISHED

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

THE legend, "Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken by Christmas," on a tent near General Headquarters of our Expeditionary Force in France reflected the spirit of the whole American Army in its battle with the Boche.

"Get it done," "Get a decision"—that has been the feeling of all from doughboys to generals. Motoring up the hard, even road from General Headquarters to the front on one of the last days of the war, I saw the manifestation of that feeling everywhere. Trucks bowled along, loaded with everything that an army needs—shells, blankets, flour, tobacco, fodder, chewing-gum, matches, drainpipes, safety razors. They were driven at a pace which made the French peasants gasp, but they were driven surely. Along the way railways, hospitals, power-house, and steam-rollers, put there by the Americans, were functioning at top speed, but securely. Much haste, no waste.

The country for miles and miles behind the front was just one vast camp—the camp of the Americans, who brought it all across the ocean with them, from can-openers to locomotives. It is indescribable, the impression of the vastness of the power of America which a trip through this great deposit of men and material gives you. Never has there been a feat in history like the delivery of this great blow at such long range.

It was football weather, Indian summer. And the men and girls who had come down on the train from Paris were a football crowd except for their uniforms. In other Novembers you could have seen them on the New Haven express from the Grand Central.

Gently rounded hills rolled away on each side of us, brown under dying grass and red where plows had gashed them. Drowsy little French villages crumbled into the landscape, as much a part of it as groups of mossy boulders. They had those chameleon roofs which are red in the sun and gray in the mist.

We stopped at an American hospital and talked with some of our own wounded and with German prisoners, the latter still nonplused at receiving attentions so contrary to the predictions of their officers.

The heroism of the American soldier does not end when he is put out of action. He takes with him into the hospital all his self-abnegation, all his determination to keep helping it along. He knows that the sooner he gets back to the front the sooner the cause will have been won, and he recovers from sickness and wounds with remarkable obstinacy. The inconveniences of overcrowded or under-equipped hospitals he takes with a grin. It is all in the game. One doughboy, who felt that he was not badly enough hit to deserve an ambulance, walked twenty miles to a hospital with a bullet through his stomach. Of course he recovered. Few wounds are fatal to such a spirit.

The football weather still held—crisp, bracing air and fine footing for the infan-

[1] H. J. Greenwall, Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Express."

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try. As we approached the front the roads grew poorer and more congested, and numerous signs in French and English warned drivers to mind their ps and qs.

The praises of the truck-driver are little sung, but they ought to be flung on high. The truck-driver works till midnight along muddy roads, in pitch darkness, grappling refractory carbureters with fingers aching with cold. He snatches a little sleep on the seat of his truck—if he is lucky—and is off again at three in the morning. If he fails, the army fails, for he carries the army's stomach. If he loses his temper and wastes a precious minute cursing his stalled engine, miles and miles of other trucks are likewise stopped for a minute and the Boche gains a respite. In those last days, with the Germans retreating rapidly, the strain on our trucks and truck-drivers was tremendous. We were afraid we would lose our advantage and give the Hun a breathing-space through sheer inability to keep up with him, for it is easier to fall back over prepared paths than to advance over shelled roads and mined bridges. But we managed to hang on to Fritz, although once trucks were actually called on to keep our first-line infantry in contact with the disappearing Hun.

As we skirted the Vosges foothills along a road toward the St. Mihiel salient we passed squad after squad of German prisoners, some working on the roads, others in camp behind barbed wire, others—just captured—still marching under guard toward the rear. I have failed to observe the extreme youth of German prisoners much mentioned by portions of the Allied press. Many of these were young indeed, but no younger than many of our own boys. They were mostly strong and well set up, though not up to the American standard of "huskiness." But unmistakably they were glad to be out of the war.

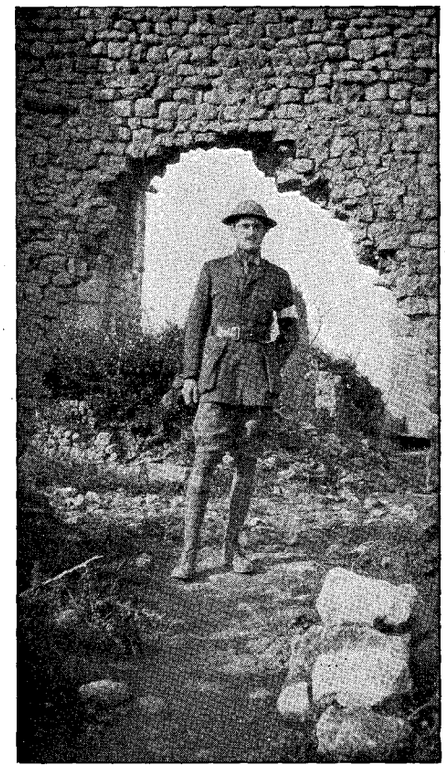
Through ankle-deep mud, almost the color and consistency of cream, I waded up the road at Malancourt from the Third Corps's post of command toward the front, looking for a lift. The clouds which hid the sun this morning, in early November, were about the tint of the mud. So were the spirits of the Military Police crouching at the roadside, with their hands cupping the warmth from a tiny fire in an empty petrol box.

"This is war, is it?" grumbled an M. P. with a freckled face. "Wish the folks could see us now! Say, some of the letters I get from home give me a pain. S'about time people back there tumbled to the fact that instead o' being just bugles an' battles war's mostly mud an' manure."

"Yep, Sherman was away off," mumbled a lad with two mufflers around his long neck and shell-rim spectacles slipping down a pathetic long, blue nose. "Hell-fire's a lot more companionable than mud. Wish we had a box full of it now instead of these measly twigs that burn like Boche cigars."

I was relieved from the contemplation of this dreary trio when a colonel of artillery stopped his splashing car and offered me a lift. Ah, here was a true officer and a gentleman! Colonel Weyrauch, of the 146th Artillery, he turned out to be, on his way forward to inspect his beloved guns. We begin to find them above Nantillois, near Madeleine Farm, the scene of hot fighting a few hours earlier. French guns they were, served by Americans. The colonel patted their long, beautiful necks and the strong, straddling legs which bit into the earth ten or fifteen feet behind the breach. He was like a horse-fancier making the rounds of his stable.

Under their canopies of camouflaging the guns were talking loudly—talking earnestly to the Boche up on the Meuse.



GREGORY MASON
Staff Correspondent of The Outlook
From a photograph taken on the Western Front

No answer yet from Fritz, for which we were thankful, for the road was jammed with traffic and we had to halt every two or three minutes.

The roadside was cluttered up with disemboweled horses and disemboweled tanks. Every few rods there was a clump of clean new crosses, their stiff white arms pointing always toward Germany, as if we needed urging from our dead! Only empty trucks and loaded ambulances were going in the other direction, with here and there a slightly wounded or gassed officer riding on a front seat. Every one was grimly elated, saying, "Blueey, we've got 'em on the run!" The hardships of such campaigning are just bearable when you are elated with the thrill of winning; what they must be to the retreating enemy, knowing himself beaten, we found solace in imagining.

We passed through the little town of Cunel and along the road toward Romagne between two rows of garrulous guns. Their conviction in the last few days of the war that the Boche was beaten led the Americans to do some unusual things. For instance, in a space of a mile and a half along this road we had sixty-four guns. If the enemy had been standing up to his artillery and fighting back with full power, he might have raised havoc with these massed cannon. But he would not stand, and we knew it. He dropped over a few shells on this neighborhood every few hours, and that was all.

On the outskirts of Romagne we halted for lunch in an old French farmhouse, formerly a German P. C., and now one of ours. Two men were killed there by Hun shells shortly before I arrived, and the rain was dripping through gaping openings in roof and walls.

In the main room, with its huge rafters and side studding, its broad, uneven tiles, its wide fireplace, and its furniture made from boxes, were men who spoke a pleasant language, the tongue of the American Southwest. A captain from New Mexico, a brown giant whose clothes were caked with mud, was sitting with his feet on an andiron and humming that Villa war song, "La Cucuracha" when our entrance interrupted—

> "Porque no tiene, porque le falto
> Marihuana que fumar."

After lunch, and after I had been shown a frieze of wall paintings after the German idea of humor, put there in the Hun's confidence of permanent occupation, I left these hospitable artillerymen and joined more Texans and Oklahomans, the men of the Ninetieth Division, which was moving into the front line. The historian of the division, a well-known Texas newspaperman, offered the lift this time.

We were bound for Villers to establish the Ninetieth's P. C. just behind where some of its regiments were hunting the Huns up the wooded valleys on the west of the Meuse. The roads here were eaten by shells, but, even so, we could have made the run in two hours easily with a clear way. As it was, we started at five o'clock and were stock still twenty minutes later. There was an unbroken stream of trucks, motor cars, and mule wagons all the way from Romagne to Villers. When something went wrong with one vehicle and it stopped, all the others were forced to stop also. Even if all went well, we could move only at a walk. The first truck to break down caused a thirty-minute delay because at the bottom of the truck's load was the general's bedding roll, and the drivers were determined that he should have his blankets. But the truck's case was hopeless, and we finally left it standing beside the road, general's bed and all. The rain dripped steadily, and we were stone cold. There was not even the comfort of a cigarette, for all lights were forbidden. The sudden blazing of the guns and occasional Verey flares which hung in the sky like the torches of death only made the gloom seem thicker. All about me were men from San Antonio, El Paso, and the bor-

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der country, where a cloudy day is an event.

"Oh, boy," said a voice, "for an hour of Texas sunshine!"

"Cheer up, you'll soon be dead."

At that they broke into—

"Viva Madero, he's goan a take Chihuahua,
Goan a take Chihuahua—BUT
We'll all be dai-aid."

"You said it!" yelled a corporal, when a Boche shell landed somewhere ahead with its horrible "Whee-ee-ee-ee—pow!" Instinctively I ducked.

"What'sa use dodging?" queried the historian from Texas; "if it's got your name on it, it'll get you, anyhow."

"Well, captain, I don't like those shells myself," the lieutenant in charge of the convoy remarked; "they talk too much before they hit you. Remember the Negro who said to a pal going up to the front for the first time:

"'Sam, when you get to de front, look out for dem talkin' shells!'

"'Talkin' shells?'

"'Yes, talkin' shells. Dey talk jes' lak a man.'

"'What does dey say?' asked Sam.

"'Dey says, "*Yooooooaintgoinbackterala—bam!*"'"

(Just drone that through your nose, with the inflection rising quickly to the end of the *Yooooo* and falling slowly the rest of the way to the pause before the *bam!* and you have a good imitation of a shell.)

The truth is that there is nothing pleasant about war—nothing. The pen of the sternest realist could not exaggerate the loathsomeness of it. This modern civilized warfare, this warfare of mechanics, is the worst form of all. When I first went to the western front, I expected in some degree to be thrilled and to feel some "inspiration to write about it." I came away cold, depressed, mentally exhausted with the illimitable destructiveness of the thing. You go to the front, and for days you see only destruction, disease, decay. Nothing growing, nothing blooming, nothing constructive. It is not so much the flying death that is terrible; it is the rotting dead. Trees rotting, houses rotting, crops rotting, machines rotting, horses rotting, men rotting.

That is war. Not bugles and battles, but mud and putrefaction. The flying death whistles, and you flatten down into the mud and putrefaction for an instant to escape lying in it forever. You do this again and again and again until you cease to care. Your mind is already rotting, your soul is rotting.

I saw some of our boys who had been over the top three times in twenty-four hours. The skin of their faces was pulled tight over the bone. Their eyes were the eyes of wild animals hunted to the point of utter weariness. Only the gashes which were mouths showed the will to go on. All men are sometimes afraid under fire; probably most men are afraid every time, but their courage consists in forcing themselves to go ahead.

Mud and putrefaction! That is war. The only excuse for it is to prevent it ever happening again.

When they get home, America can give nothing adequate to reward these boys for what they have done for her. You Americans in your comfortable homes may think you can imagine what they have been through, but your imagination cannot approach the horrors of the front. You cannot possibly know the value of what you have—warmth, food, a dry place to sleep; you cannot know the worth of one minute of peace, one minute of security from death that creeps, that stalks, that flies. The everlasting gratitude of their countrymen is the most that these boys can have and the least that they deserve, and it will be an immeasurable shame if one of these two millions is ever in need of anything which the Nation can give. Do not be deceived by their modesty, Americans; never forget what they have done for you.

From Villers through a drowsy drizzle I pursued the advancing front by the noise of the guns. The country was hilly here, and the sound which reverberated through the valleys was as if many giants were slamming great iron doors with huge hammers of bronze. There was something impressively regular and determined in the sound. It was not a sharp crash or bang—a cannon shot does not sound that way until you are quite close to it. It was a distinct bass ring, such as a great drum might give at a distance through a forest. It was immensely convincing of the might of these invisible giants who were slamming their way all up the valley, clanging the armor of the Hun.

Then I got nearer, and the clang lost its musical metallic quality and became a roar like the sudden collapse of a brick house. I went on and left the guns behind and on each side. Ah, here was the little village of Montigny, just captured by us, and there beyond was the front line.

Tat tat, tat tat tat, tat, tat tat, tat, went a machine gun, feeling for its voice before it could speak sharply, and then *tat tat tat tat tat tat tat* and on in a torrent of sharp monosyllables. Not a nice sound, but pleasant compared to another: *Whish-ish-ish-ish—pow!*—the cruel whistle of a shell and a burst overhead. With shrapnel they were trying for some of our infantry resting in shallow holes on a side hill at the right. At the same time, above this hellish whistle with its quick rise, slow fall, and sickening instant of hesitation before that *pow*, was a fainter whistle high in the air. That was from high-explosive shells aimed at our guns over the hill crest.

Whish-ish-ish-ish-pow! Yooooooaintgoinbackterala—bam!

These were closer! They were landing slightly ahead of me, and at the left of the road in a little hollow where a machine-gun company in reserve was dug in I executed a flat dive into the soupy gutter and lay there, thinking rapidly. Would I go on and perhaps have a thrilling experience to relate to my grandchildren around the domestic hearth, or would I fall back and make sure of the grandchildren? There is no question about it. I do not like shells *at all*. It is not a fear of death, it is a fear of the noise, of the mangling mess they make. I have met only one man who is not bothered by shell-fire, and him it exhilarates. But he hates machine guns and perfectly dreads airplanes. Each to his own taste.

At the edge of a long ridge a line of trucks and motor cars was jammed while engineers filled in a trough across the road. This cavity was not the only evidence of a recent shell. On his back under a blanket which hid the awful holes in him lay a young soldier, and with cool fixed eyes and a placid smile regarded the clouds as if he could see through them something very precious and very far away—perhaps the warm blue sky of Texas. How would it feel to be hit like that? Would he be smiling if he had felt any pain? Ah, why not smile, for all the pain in the world, if he were leaving this unrelenting dampness, cold, and destruction for rest, for the South, for home? Perhaps that shell had said:

Yooooooarecominbackterala—bam!

A cloud of smoke and dust a hundred feet away followed the crash of the projectile which took the words out of my mouth. I found myself running pell-mell in a mob which included all the extra men who had been riding on the trucks. The drivers stayed with their machines. We swept over the brow of the hill and plumped down into shell-holes and behind a bank along a little-used cart path. Out of a rift of cloud dropped a German plane observing the aim of the guns.

But now, after the Boche had dropped over a few more shells, it was good to hear our guns get going in a gigantic anvil chorus—*clang-whang-bang, whang-bang-clang*. Twenty minutes of this, and the Boche answered no more. ("You fellows don't know what war is," said a German officer captured a few hours later; "you've never been under one of your own barrages.")

As the sun was dropping a cheer ran up the line of men along the road like fire up a trail of powder. An officer in a courier car was bringing the report that the Kaiser had abdicated. This turned out to be only one of the many such rumors which anticipated the event; but it was good to see the way our men took it. Just one loud cheer, and then back to work quickly. Kaiser or no Kaiser, while the Boche fought we would give them plenty.

The sun dropped lower and the guns talked less and less. The last rays warmed a few red and gold leaves still left on a tree here and there, blanched the slim white birches, and touched with saffron the uniform of a great doughboy who lay behind an oak as he had fallen, his hands gripping the ground under him as if he were trying to open a door which a stronger hand was closing in his face.

An afterglow of molten metal drenched the whole west. In the north and east the guns broke out again in fiery blotches of the same color.

I went back to Romagne, intending to join the Marines farther west on the

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American front. But a recurrence of grippe sent me back to Paris, and so I missed the end on the front. However, my friend the novelist and war correspondent Herman Whitaker, who was with the Yanks east of the Meuse, has given me an accurate picture of how the curtain fell. Whitaker himself, though fifty-two years old and lame, went over the top in the last charge armed only with a cane. A machine-gun bullet went through the baggy part of his riding breeches and an officer was killed at each side of him. As I heard a general remark, "Whitaker is *some* war correspondent!"

"At about nine o'clock on the morning of November 11," says Whitaker, "word came to the Americans east of the Meuse that the armistice had been signed and that we would stop firing at eleven. At 9:50 we went over the top, and by eleven had pushed the Boche back a kilometer and a half. Just before eleven the Boche took out their watches and fired until the second hands indicated the hour. Then they rushed forward crying '*Kamerad*,' and tried to embrace us. They said they had learned to consider us their most worthy foes, and had no hard feelings for Americans. But our men had been instructed not to fraternize, and the Boche met with a cold reception.

"There was no noticeable cheering or celebrating then by the Yanks. But it was remarkable how Americans abruptly appeared from nowhere, so that the whole landscape, which had previously been dead and deserted, suddenly swarmed with life and movement."

That evening, from Switzerland to the North Sea, the line which had been dark for four years glowed with bonfires, and Verey lights hung in the sky, no longer the torches of death. All the pleasant sounds of peace returned to that devastated land. Dogs barked, cows mooed, and Frenchmen will tell you that the cock of France, awakened by the unaccustomed illumination, crowed triumphantly all through that memorable night.

Paris, December 7.

VIOLINIST AND LOVER

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

With lingering fingers and slow
So moves he his bow,

Tuning each string the whiles
He listens and smiles.

Now all the strings reply
In deathless melody.

So on your heart to-day
Reverent hands I lay,

Counting each beat that brings
Nearer the sound that sings.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES[1]

VII. WORLD POWER—WORLD PROTECTION—WORLD PEACE

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

AS the time comes for the actual meeting in Paris, the immense difficulties of the task push their way to the front. A World Congress must represent the world as it is; and that means a divided world, a wounded and crippled world, an imperfect world—a world of which large parts are disorganized and speechless. When the Congress meets, no representatives will be admitted from any African state; presumably no Asiatic Power will have a status there at the beginning except China, Japan, and Siam; the so-called "German State of Austria" and the German Empire will have no footing; and Russia will be represented, if at all, by envoys without credentials from any government now conducted by Russians. As for the neutral states of Europe and South America, it looks as though they would, at best, sit down to a second table. The World Congress will begin its sessions practically as a combination of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States, which evidently expect to lay down the law to their allies, neutrals, and former belligerents; and from the deliberations of those five great states must arise the only possible world peace organization.

Not only will the five Powers make decisions for the rest of the globe; they must also settle their own claims and boundaries. Four of them plainly expect great territorial advantages. Great Britain is now in possession of the former German colonies in Africa and some in the Pacific Ocean. From all we can learn, to return those colonies would be to deliver over the population as bondmen to those who have forfeited their rule, both by ill treatment of the natives and by an appeal to war as a means of taking away other people's colonies. All that is obvious; but the British enlargement carries on its back a lively family of related claims: Shall the greatest colonial Power on earth greatly increase her holdings, while her faithful allies gain little territory?

The French look upon Alsace-Lorraine, not as an annexation, but a reassertion; and all the Allies are rejoiced at the return of the twin kidnapped children after thirty-eight years in a harshly managed asylum. But France now shows some desire to duplicate the Teutonic error of 1871 by annexing the west bank of the Rhine, which is as German in sentiment as Saxony or Baden. The French also put forward a claim to "protectorates" in Asia Minor, not only Syria, which has for more than a century been an object of French ambition, but considerable parts of Asia Minor, including Armenia, on the humorous ground that France has long been "protecting" the native Christians under an agreement with Turkey.

Italy has achieved her ambition of setting her northern boundary on the main watershed of the Alps, thus adding, not only a considerable Italian-speaking population, but a belt of German-speaking districts and towns. The Congress will undoubtedly ratify that enlargement and also the annexation of Trieste; but will it also turn over to Italy Dalmatia and Albania, on the ground that it is inconvenient for the Italians to have a non-Italian government on the farther side of the Adriatic? That argument would be just as good for the annexation of Sardinia by the French in order to give better protection to Corsica.

As for Japan, that Power is firmly seated in some of the former German islands in the Pacific, in the recently German colony of Kiauchau, and also on the Russian water-front on the Pacific, including the terminal of the Siberian Railway at Vladivostok. Shall lean Japan withdraw her troops from these holdings while the three European Allies take on so much flesh?

On the other hand, the five Powers mentioned already make up a world league. The present cessation of hostilities is due to the fellowship of those Powers in the effort to restore peace. Here comes in the remarkable position of

[1] The first of this series of articles appeared in The Outlook for December 4 under the title "A Great World Congress." The second (December 11 issue) was called "The Question of Small States." The third (December 18 issue) was called "Pains and Penalties Before the Congress of Nations." The fourth (December 25 issue) was called "Self-Determination and Assisted Determination of States." The fifth (January 1 issue) was called "Economic and Industrial Peace." The sixth (January 8 issue) was called "Freedom of the Seas."—THE EDITORS.

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the United States of America. Everybody knows that but for the entrance of our country at the critical moment the Peace Congress would now be assembling at Berlin, and the four Central Powers and their satellites would be deciding upon their annexations and reorganizations of Allied territory. Of course all virtuous parties joined in turning the scale. Nevertheless the United States came in when the threat to its own safety, though real, was still distant; when there was neither expectation nor desire of any territorial reward or compensation.

In the combination which is to arrange an immediate peace and make provision for future world peace the United States, therefore, plays the part of a moderator, almost of an arbitrator. The general belief among American people is that war is abnormal and peace the proper and reasonable condition of mankind. Hence the representatives of the United States are in a condition to moderate the immediate pressure of the other Powers concerned. They have behind them in this country the most powerful aggregation of human forces on the face of the earth. It is very populous; it was the richest country in the world when the war began, and has been spared the frightful losses of life and property which, for the time being, almost crippled the other Powers.

Therefore the plain duty and opportunity of the United States is to insist upon a peace which at least shall heal the wounds of the world and allow mankind to go forward again in some sort of order. Our delegates are in a position to keep in the minds of the Congress the danger of a peace which might hand over large blocks of population to the control of former enemies. Germans under French or Polish rule will be as disturbing as Alsatians under German control or Poles in Russia. The Italians as masters of Dalmatia and Albania, the French in Armenia, the Japanese in Siberia, will be doing just what the Germans did in Posen and the Austrians in Bosnia-Herzegovina and the Turks in the Greek islands. The world cannot be delivered from Teutonism by copying Teutonic methods. The peace will be a failure unless it gives a fair opportunity to the small peoples who have been released from bondage to work out their own salvation without being tied up in abhorred "protectorates" or delivered over to "spheres of influences."

When that question is settled, a new one arises: Shall the world be grouped into two rival, hostile, and eventually warring sections? or shall the Congress make use of its unprecedented opportunity to form a League of Nations—that is, of all the nations? When Premier Clemenceau acknowledges his preference for a "balance of powers," he must mean that he sees no method of preventing the eventual restoration of a group of countries opposed to what France desires and stands for. It takes more than one weight to make a balance. As the world now drifts, it looks as though there were a possibility of an eventual combination of Germany, Russia, and the new Slav Powers, acting together in matters of international trade and warfare, if no world organization is offered. Russia has tried a union with the west, which did not protect that great Empire from ruin. In such a combination Japan is more likely to be interested than in the western group.

Some people seem to think that you can keep up a balance of several Powers, each acting for itself—like the stars in a constellation. That is not the way business works or the world works. The governments of mankind are now in the situation of a great industry long carried on by separate concerns which have gradually rolled together into powerful companies, which in their turn are grouped into two big holding corporations, each of which is trying to get a monopoly of the business, and consequently fights the other openly and secretly. The only really independent political company just now is the United States of America, which came to the aid of that one of the two world corporations which seemed to stand for the principles of honest trade and fair dealing.

The relations of great nations are not parallel with those of business organizations which aim to make a profit out of the world's needs; the state has the far higher duties of raising the spirit of men, of educating the people, of protecting the weak, of caring for the helpless, of handing down right governments to posterity. Yet the principle of combination for common needs applies to nations as much as to business corporations. If the United States desires to keep out of European complications, we must do so by cutting off the complications; for our present experience shows that the United States cannot isolate itself when the rest of the world is in a turmoil. In George Harvey's "War Weekly" and other mobilized journals George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and Daniel Webster are solemnly paraded up and down, carrying transparencies bearing the legend: "No Entangling Alliances." That is good advice, and the United States has followed it; but what we most need just now is a Disentangling Alliance which may at the same time release us from our present embarrassing responsibilities and take away the necessity of later interventions.

When Edward VII became King of England in 1901, he found that country in "splendid isolation" and made up his mind that, with all its immense territory and its magnificent navy, Great Britain could not live by itself. He was the leading spirit in bringing about a combination with France, and eventually with Russia, which made it inevitable that England must join when war broke out with Germany. The United States is now so closely linked with the rest of the world by commerce, by shipping, by immigration, by missionary enterprises, by special interests in the Caribbean and the Pacific, that even our wealth and power are not sufficient to keep us isolated. "We are every one members one of another."

Our part in the war will be a feeble iniquity if we spend hundreds of thousands of lives and immense treasure in order that the world may be made safe for democracy and then let it slip back into the old outworn, discredited, and dangerous balance of powers. We cannot forget that such groups are dominated by a few statesmen acting in secret and binding their countries to obligations that they know not of. The experience of the last four years shows that, if the world should be divided again by a balance of powers, there would be two dominant groups; and that the United States would be compelled, for self-protection, either to join one of those groups or else, in case of war, to come in again, as in 1917, as the makeweight. It will be impossible to stand neutral if autocratic enemies are again opposed to democratic friends.

The only escape from entangling alliances is to enter into a world combination which might begin with the Powers now combined as co-belligerents—a matter of some twenty nations, large or small, which might immediately take in the neutrals, and might leave a place for the enemy Powers, or the fragments thereof, as they set up stable governments based on good will to mankind. To deny those Powers the opportunity to join in a world concert would be to keep alive the conditions which would sooner or later renew war on a great scale. Of course no such world combination can be made without giving up authority at some points—for instance, without partial disarmament and a limitation of military and naval forces by all concerned. On the other hand, such an arrangement means a great increase of the power of the United States to make the principles of free government and peace prevail.

The road to world peace is long and difficult; it can be blocked if the delegates to the Congress are helpless and hopeless; it can be opened if enough thinking men and women all over the world insist that it must be opened. At present there are three principal obstacles in the way: autocracy, which is the same thing whether it proceeds from a monarch or from a minister who acts without the knowledge or approval of the people of his country; Bolshevism, which is an attempt to create an autocracy of the people who work with their hands as against the rest of the community; and undiminished national sovereignty, which, in the present condition of the world, is an insistence that a part is greater than the whole. Balance of powers has been tested and failed. There was plenty of power, but no balance when the crisis came! What we now need is a "balance of authority" by which all countries shall yield something of their present control over their relations with other countries, and in return shall get the splendid bargain of security from aggression, of a chance fully to develop their resources of things and men. There is already a world organization; let us catch it, crystallize it, use it, secure it, "while the going is good" and make it the basis of World Peace.

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A LIST OF BOOKS ON THE "LEAGUE OF NATIONS" IDEA

THE assembling of the Peace Conference, one of the most momentous congresses that ever convened, and the prospect that it will discuss and perhaps adopt a new governmental system realizing the poet's dream of a "Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World," make the following list of books concerning the proposed League of Nations of interest to every thoughtful reader and every student of current problems:

PENN. *Peace of Europe.* (Constable.)

The proposal made by William Penn in 1693 for a Parliament of Nations to which all questions should be submitted and its decisions enforced, the expenses of enforcement and damages to be exacted from the disobedient state.

ROUSSEAU. *A Lasting Peace.* (Dutton.)

The proposal in 1769 by Jean Jacques Rousseau for a Permanent International Parliament, guaranteeing the perpetuation of national conditions then prevailing.

KANT. *Perpetual Peace.* (Macmillan.)

The proposal by the great German philosopher, in 1795, to establish a Permanent International Congress, every adhering state to be republican in form.

HILL. *World Organization.* (Columbia University Press.)

World organization as affected by the modern state.

PHILLIPS. *The Confederation of Europe.* (Longmans.)

A comprehensive view of latter-day needs.

CHOATE. *The Two Hague Conferences.* (Princeton University Press.)

HULL. *The Two Hague Conferences.* (World Peace Foundation.)

SCOTT. *Texts of the Peace Conference of The Hague.* (World Peace Foundation.)

SCOTT. *The Hague Convention.* (Oxford University Press.)

HOLLS. *The Peace Conference at The Hague.* (Macmillan.)

WHITE. *The First Hague Conference.* (World Peace Foundation.)

SCOTT. *American Addresses at the Second Hague Conference.* (World Peace Foundation.)

All of the above-named volumes on the Hague Conferences are useful.

MINOR. *A Republic of Nations.* (Oxford University Press.)

A study of the organization of a federal League of Nations, to which are appended the Constitution of the United States and a tentative Constitution of the United Nations in parallel columns.

BRAILSFORD. *A League of Nations.* (Macmillan.)

The views of a well-known English publicist.

GOLDSMITH. *A League to Enforce Peace.* (Macmillan.)

An excellent interpretation of the League's principles and purposes.

TAFT, and others. *Win the War for Permanent Peace.* (League to Enforce Peace.)

Books defining and amplifying the principles which underlie the establishment of this well-known League.

TEAD. *The People's Part in Peace.* (Holt.)

Suggesting how labor and commerce may be represented in a League of Nations.

JASTROW. *The War and the Coming Peace.* (Lippincott.)

A new kind of peace book, the moral issue of the war and the foundations of a permanent peace being set forth in an original manner.

WELLS. *In the Fourth Year.* (Macmillan.)

A collection of articles concerning the idea of a League of Nations and the necessary sacrifices of preconceptions involved.

BECK. *The Reckoning.* (Putnam.)

A discussion of the moral aspects of peace.

POWERS. *America Among the Nations.* (Macmillan.)

POWERS. *The Great Peace.* (Macmillan.)

Books of new interpretation and suggestiveness concerning war and peace; of much value.

CHÉRADAME. *The Essentials of an Enduring Victory.* (Scribners.)

A consideration of a League of Nations from a practical rather than a utopian position.

HOBSON. *Democracy After the War.* (Macmillan.)

JORDAN. *Democracy and World Relations.* (World Book Company.)

Two suggestive books, one by an Englishman, the other by an American.

HOUSTON. *Blocking New Wars.* (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

An excellent statement of the case for economic pressure as the most effective prevention of war, together with a general discussion of the League of Nations.

MARBURG. *League of Nations. Its Principles Examined.* Vols. I and II, pp. 137. (Macmillan.)

A history of the movement in the United States for the establishment of a League of Nations and a commentary on the programme of the League.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS FROM A JAPANESE VIEW-POINT

BY T. IYENAGA

Dr. Iyenaga is the Director of the East and West News Bureau, an organization, backed by leaders of Japan, to give the American people trustworthy information about the Far East, with the view of promoting a better understanding and friendly relations between America and Japan.—THE EDITORS.

JAPAN has not yet officially and with clear emphasis declared her attitude toward the proposed League of Nations. I can, however, see no reason why Japan should not most heartily join with her allies in the consummation of the plan which would make the recurrence of such a horror as we have witnessed during the past four years well-nigh impossible. Let me enumerate some of the reasons which, in my opinion, would make the President's proposal of a League of Nations perfectly acceptable to Japan.

In the first place, Japan cherishes no territorial ambition, but builds the hope of her future upon the security of the position she has already gained, and upon the steady extension and growth of her commerce and industry. The fundamental principles underlying the idea of a League of Nations are the guarantee of the territorial integrity and the sphere of influence of each member; the guarantee of an equal opportunity of economic growth for all; and the guarantee of an enduring peace that insures the uninterrupted pursuit of happiness.

Nothing could be more welcome to Japan than the embodiment of these principles in solemn covenant entered into by all—at least the most powerful—nations. Some would say that Japan is overcrowded within a small area, and nature would force her to burst out of her confines and embark on a career of territorial aggrandizement, and therefore that the covenant of the League of Nations would ultimately prove to such a nation not a blessing but a yoke, irksome and unbearable. The premise is readily granted, but I would say that the conclusion is far-fetched. The problem of over-population, serious as it is, will find its solution elsewhere and through other peaceful means—on the wide expanse of the seas and on the trails of commerce. This has been, and continues to be, Japan's policy.

Again, the days when nations sought their "place in the sun" through the instrumentality of might are forever gone. The havoc wrought by the great war affords a terrible lesson to the predatory nations. Russia, which till a few years ago overawed the world by her might, is completely disrupted. Austria-Hungary is no more. The once proud Germany lies low in unspeakable shame. Japan is sane and wise enough to avoid the footsteps of these war-mad nations. To argue that Japan is extremely warlike because of the successful wars she has fought in recent decades is a gross injustice. She has waged no aggressive, only defensive, wars. The

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Japanese people are more than content to be left alone in the enjoyment of the peaceful pursuit of life, and entertain no wish but good will toward their neighbors. There is, then, no ground why the Japanese people would not welcome a League of Nations that is intended to satisfy these longings.

In the second place, I am confident that a League of Nations will not stand in the way of Japan's occupying the paramount position in the Far East—the fruit of her patient and laborious progress during the past half-century. All of us know that some concern has been felt among the British people about the construction of the "Freedom of the Seas," one of the fourteen points of the President's peace terms. Nor are we unaware that the American people will never consent to see the efficacy of their cherished Monroe Doctrine impaired in any way by a League of Nations. Proper adjustment in the programme of the League should, and doubtless will, be made to reconcile it with the unique position and specially vital interest each of the great Powers has.

As the League is not a substitute for the Monroe Doctrine, which the American people are determined to maintain; as the League is not a substitute for the naval supremacy which the British people are determined to maintain for the safety of their Empire; so, I believe, the League will in no way ignore Japan's unique position in the Far East. The suggestion that these seeming discrepancies will be abridged by the proper apportionment of the sphere of police jurisdiction is likely to be acted upon. As a matter of fact, such a rule existed among the Entente Powers during the war. On the European battlefield General Foch led the Allied armies; on the sea the British fleet, working in perfect unison with the great American fleet, reigned supreme; in the Siberian expedition General Otani commanded the Allied expeditionary forces. The spirit of conciliation, the spirit of harmony among the Powers that causes the one to confide to the other the task he is most fitted to undertake, is the key that opens the door and lets in the light upon the dark corners wherein trouble seems to lurk.

In the third place, Japan should, in my opinion, most enthusiastically hail the advent of the League of Nations, for it would go a long way toward solving the delicate problem that has lain between the two great nations on the opposite shores of the Pacific. Japan aspires to be on the friendliest of terms with America, with whose prosperity and mighty future her well-being is so closely interwoven, and therefore is most solicitous to root out any cause which might disturb the most cordial friendship existing between the two countries. The fundamentals underlying the League of Nations are justice, equality of right, to do to others as you would be done by. It is the institution of the Golden Rule, or, at least, the Confucian doctrine of behavior.

The spirit of discrimination against one race by another can have no place in the sanctum of a League of Nations. As a consequence, the discrimination against the Japanese, as seen in some State legislation, will logically disappear. I have no heart to intimate that the solution of the vexed problem will be brought about through the counsel or suggestion of the League of Nations. On the contrary, I confidently believe that America will do it of her own accord. My faith lies in the coming development; I believe that with the creation of the League international affairs will come to assume a tremendous importance in American politics, and, as a result, the question of treaty obligations and all other international questions will be brought in some way, either by the amendment of the Constitution or legislation by Congress, under the complete jurisdiction of the Federal Government, not to be infringed upon in the least by any State of the Union. If such an event comes to pass, the solution of the vexed problem is assured, for the Washington Government, in obedience to the will of the great majority of the American people, has always shown its willingness, and, in fact, put forth its best effort, to find a just, fair, and amicable settlement of the question.

Let me not be misunderstood by my readers that I am advocating an unrestricted emigration. I am not. I hold that every country has the right to enact its immigration laws and enforce them. Japan will never attempt to deluge America against her will with a vast horde of Japanese laborers. Japan has kept, and is keeping most faithfully, the "Gentlemen's Agreement." What is meant here is the sweeping away of the spirit of discrimination which has been displayed in certain quarters.

Finally, whether or not the German people are to be admitted to the League will be one of the hard questions facing the framers of its constitution. Most of the Japanese people have known the German people through their works in literature, science, philosophy, medicine, and commerce. We Japanese have not tasted the typical German thing and method. We cannot, therefore, fully realize how deep and strong are the feelings of resentment and horror that must fill the hearts of our European allies who have witnessed the German barbarity in all its phases. No wonder that the Frenchman who saw his country brutally devastated, his women folks murdered and dishonored, feels skeptical about the League of Nations with the Germans included in it. No wonder that our British friend, who saw the ruthless submarine operations and the senseless slaughter of his children by the German air raiders, feels loth to admit the kin of such perpetrators of crimes into the League. To embrace them in the federation of the world would thus prove a hard pill to swallow for our European allies. Justice and the high ideals that actuate the makers of the League will, however, demand the admission, sooner or later, of the German people, after they have sufficiently demonstrated their trustworthiness. With Germany permanently left out the League would be no "League of Nations," but the continuation of two groups of alliances. Japan, which has through physical location escaped the ravages of the war and seen its horrors from a distance of many thousands of miles, will surely follow the lead of her gallant and chivalrous allies concerning the matter that directly and most vitally affects them.

IRELAND UNDER SINN FEIN

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN

BY FRANK DILNOT

THE polling in Ireland has resulted in a wholesale Sinn Fein victory, and the Nationalists, if not swept out of existence, are reduced to almost negligible proportions. In the excitement of the finish of the war the significance of what has happened is not at present fully realized, although the statesmen of Great Britain must be having some uncomfortable thoughts whenever the matter of Ireland comes to their mind. The sincerity—or, if one likes to call it so, the fanaticism—of the Sinn Fein movement is the dangerous part of it. I dare say there are schemers in this as in every other political activity, but it is what may be called the poetic fervor of the Sinn Feiners, their absolute disregard or ignorance of any other point of view but their own, which makes them a menace to the existing state of affairs.

Circumstances over a long period of years have established a stream of sympathies between Ireland and America, and extremists there have always relied in large measure on extremists here to maintain what may be called the insurgent point of view. The Sinn Feiners in America have been doing their utmost to extend their influence among the more moderate Irish Americans, who, being followers of the Nationalist party, are inclined towards constitutional Home Rule and not rebellion. Indeed, all the Liberal and Radical elements in Ireland turn their eyes continually towards America. Though the Sinn Feiners realize that

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the participation of America in the war has in all the circumstances made their task here very difficult, still they continue their efforts. President Wilson's journey to Europe was an opportunity not to be missed. The Sinn Fein Mayor of Dublin called a mass-meeting to ask the President to visit Ireland, and other meetings for a similar purpose were reported to be organized in different parts of Ireland. Since then it has been decided to confer the freedom of the city of Dublin on Mr. Wilson. Finally, we get the news that Sinn Feiners here have announced to the Washington Embassies that as the result of the elections last month the Irish people have severed relations with Britain. All these things put together mean that America has a tremendous influence on Irish affairs, and that with this influence goes a certain responsibility. Irish rebels and loyalists, fanatics and moderate men, all alike, are bound to feel the reaction of anything that the United States as a whole does or even thinks with regard to Ireland.

What stands out clearly is that this country cannot regard with unconcern the mysterious and dramatic position in which Ireland now stands.

Is there any statesman on earth who can guess what is going to happen in Ireland? What are the Sinn Feiners going to do now that they have the majority of seats? What is the British Government going to do about it? In Ireland's history there have never been two more vital questions or questions more fraught with difficulty, possibly with danger. Sinn Fein means "Ourselves alone." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, if one may judge from the speeches of the Irish sympathizers here, that the absolute separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom is at the back of the minds of leaders and rank and file alike. Expressions about liberty, some of them quite carefully guarded, unfailingly give the impression of independence. Can Great Britain tolerate this? Can she consider it? What are the Sinn Feiners planning to do? If it were not for the engrossing interest roused by the Peace Conference, and its various issues, the future of Ireland would now more than at any other time be a matter of painful speculation among all friends of that country and friends of Britain.

The Nationalists, who under Mr. Redmond stood for Home Rule within the Empire, have been presumably almost wiped out. Mr. Redmond is dead—dead partly as a result of disappointment, if not a broken heart. His brother, gallant Willie Redmond, has died on the field of battle fighting for the Allies. Mr. John Dillon, Mr. Redmond's successor in the leadership, is reported to have been defeated at the polls. Mr. Swift MacNeill, another veteran leader, has retired in disgust. The Ulster Unionists seem to have held their seats. At least a few Nationalists will remain. But the Sinn Feiners hold most of Ireland. The Parliamentary situation, mixed and serious as it is, is made trebly grave by what has happened in Ireland in the past few years. In the first place, it should be stated that the democracy of England has been overwhelmingly in favor of Home Rule for Ireland for many years past, and opposition to it even among the old Tories has dwindled away to a point which makes them of little moment. Finally, a Home Rule Bill conferring self-government for Ireland is on the statute-book. It was passed before the war broke out, but the Ulster Unionists put up a fierce fight against its operation, and in the early months of 1914 were threatening armed rebellion against it. While they were uttering their defiances and making their warlike preparations the Sinn Fein movement was growing and becoming stronger. A movement which sprang first from an idealistic and literary source, it was developed and intensified by labor elements on the one hand and extreme politicians on the other, and presently became in effect a revolt against the Nationalist party, to whose efforts over a long period of years the Home Rule Bill was largely due.

Ireland was thus divided into three camps, with the Nationalists occupying the middle position and with an overwhelming representation in Parliament. With the coming of the war the Ulster outcry died away. Mr. John Redmond, in a noble speech in Parliament, declared that Ireland would fight for the Allies. The operation of the Home Rule Bill was temporarily shelved.

Events rapidly developed, and on one dramatic morning came the news that a revolt had broken out in Ireland aimed at the British power. The Post Office in Dublin was seized by the rebels, there was fierce fighting, there were many hundreds of casualties, and presently the revolt was suppressed. The leaders of it were tried by court martial, and some of the principal ones among them were executed. Mr. Redmond, that fearless fighter for the rights of Ireland, was shaken to the heart by the outbreak. Britain was stirred deeply by the fact that while she was fighting against a powerful enemy on the Continent a section of Irishmen had set out to take advantage of that life-and-death struggle by stabbing her in the back. The feeling was intensified by the knowledge that Germany had striven to stir up the rebels. I sat through the trial in London of Roger Casement, a pathetic figure of a man, and the evidence produced was such as to leave no manner of doubt that he had acted with the Germans in trying to turn Irish soldiers from their allegiance. It is urged that a political mistake was committed in executing misguided Irish rebel leaders. In reply one can but present the facts of the case and ask for an impartial judgment. Place America in the same position with regard to part of her territory and imagine the feeling. Military executions are always hateful, but one has to remember the alternative. It ought to be borne in mind that a number of innocent people lost their lives, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, were deliberately murdered by those who set out to establish a new rule in Ireland. Not only were the rebels guilty of this, but with arms in their hands were striving to weaken us against the common enemy—the Germans. While a handful of the ringleaders were executed, hundreds of other rebels were interned in England and subsequently released. Surveying the whole occasion with what may be called a historic eye, there was exercised a broad leniency. And yet, having said all this, the fact remains that many who have no sympathy with the rebels urged that it would have been expedient not to have executed any of them. The executions certainly exacerbated feeling, and just as certainly intensified the secret activities of the Sinn Fein movement. It remains an open question, however, whether complete forgiveness and tolerance would in the long run have made the Sinn Feiners any more well disposed towards Britain. I doubt it.

The next development in the situation was the earnest attempt of the British Government to get the various sections of Irish opinion to thrash out a scheme of Home Rule among themselves. A Conference, including the responsible men of each group, with representatives of all kinds of interests, were invited to produce a scheme of settlement. It was presided over by Sir Horace Plunkett, an Irishman of moderate views, of intense devotion to his country, and one, moreover, who had consistently kept himself aloof from political faction. It was probably the most representative gathering that had ever been held in Ireland. Its proceedings were behind closed doors. The British people were devoutly hopeful that the Irish would propound a scheme of some sort. There cannot be the slightest doubt that if a scheme had been forthcoming the British Government would have put it into operation. In passing it may be said that there were grumblings even then from the extremists about the Conference and about the method in which it was convened. To the great mass of British people, without distinction of party, it seemed that the wit of man had gone to its limit in trying to devise some means of bringing local contentment to Ireland; that the whole matter had been placed in Irish hands for the smoothing out of differences between the Irishmen themselves. There can be no doubt that the Conference did a great amount of good work in clearing away many misunderstandings and showed in many of its members a spirit of statesmanship. The extremists on both sides, however, prevented the gathering from reaching a conclusion, and the Conference came to naught.

The Sinn Feiners were undoubtedly encouraged by this failure, and they proceeded with their propaganda and have had further successes, as the present election has shown. The Nationalists, sturdy fighters, wise and sincere politicians who have labored for two generations, who have been in touch with the outside world, and who, from that reason alone, if from no other, were well advised as to the best methods for Ireland's welfare, have been

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snowed under. The Sinn Feiners are apparently in command.

In parenthesis let it be said here that there have been indications of the possibility of wise compromise between the best of the Irish Conservatives, on the one hand, and the Irish Nationalist leaders, on the other, towards a scheme of self-government for Ireland which would safeguard the interests and feelings of the Ulster Protestants while giving to Ireland the command of her own interests through her own Parliament. There is this also to be said—that the wrongs of Ireland in the past, undoubtedly wide and deep, have been atoned for in a material sense during the last quarter of a century. Facilities for small holdings, schemes for education, big loans, housing arrangements, have with other advantages combined to make Ireland a remodeled country. On top of this Home Rule was at hand. The democracy of Britain was determined on the matter. It is true that there were still warring elements in existence. Some of the fervid Ulstermen were prepared to make a physical fight against Home Rule, many of the Nationalists were ardently convinced that the British Government, having passed a Home Rule measure, should put it into operation with armed force against the Ulstermen if it were necessary; but, speaking generally, a deep and generous spirit of toleration was manifest, and there can be hardly a doubt that this would have led within a short time to the start of Irish self-government. This, after all, was the main thing; for once Ireland had a Parliament, the force of events would be such as to lead her to mold her own destiny, making such changes in procedure as the common sense and common interests of the country demand from time to time.

What is to happen now no man knows. It seems to be the policy of the Sinn Fein that none of its members elected to the British Parliament shall attend at Westminster. No mind can foresee the outcome of their activities. They include idealistic men, sincere and self-sacrificing; they also include ill-balanced fanatics and mischief-makers. Is there any one who can fail to see that the best minds of Ireland—practical informed minds, not less devoted to the national cause—are steadily, if not fiercely, against them, and foresee nothing but injury to Ireland's interests in the Sinn Fein activities?

What is it that the Sinn Feiners want? Put into a sentence, it seems to an Englishman to be nothing less than the complete independence of Ireland as a separate republic. Irishmen of affairs will point out the fallacy of this from the point of view of Ireland's own material interests. (For instance, I saw it seriously asserted by a Sinn Fein sympathizer that the Irish Republic would build its own mercantile marine to compete in the markets of the world!) But, apart from questions within the scope of Irishmen themselves, Britain, from the point of view of her own safety, cannot consent to the breaking away of a part of the United Kingdom with all the dangers which will have to be encountered from the possibility of foreign intrigue or foreign occupation. The rebellion itself was an object-lesson. That Ireland should govern her local affairs is a project which would be enthusiastically received in Britain, but she must regard herself as part of the country in so far as operations with foreign Powers are concerned. Ireland is linked up commercially, economically, and in many other ways with Britain, is within a few miles of her shores, speaks the same language, and, in spite of turmoil and trouble, has been an integral part of the United Kingdom for many centuries. That is the general situation as an Englishman sees it.

If the Sinn Feiners do not come to Parliament, there will be but a mere handful of Irish representatives at Westminster—a group of Nationalists on the one hand, and Ulstermen on the other. It is not practicable that this group should represent the whole of Ireland. We are told that the Sinn Feiners are going to call an assembly which shall serve the purposes of an independent Parliament. This is at least a dramatic gesture. Can it be more? The assembly may pass resolutions; but can they put them into effect, and will they try? It is possible for the members and their constituents to refuse to obey the law of Britain, to refuse, for example, to pay taxes; but can they expect to persuade or coerce the big business firms of Ireland, even outside Ulster, to do the same? Such firms, it is reasonable to suppose, have big commitments in Britain, and any rebellious action would be suicidal. This is quite apart from any inherent loyalty. No, it is very improbable that the Sinn Feiners will get any help from the business interests. The "New Parliament" will certainly have ambitions to handle customs and excise, to impose what local duties they like, and to put up any tariff wall that they think might suit them (however catastrophic to the country's welfare economists may regard this course to be). These ambitions will be ineffective unless the Sinn Feiners intend to seize the machinery of customs and excise by force. And it is at this point that the series of riddles reaches its climax. To what extent, if at all, do the insurgents mean to use force? The outbreak during the war was a sad example for all concerned. The British people would regard with abhorrence any further fighting in Ireland. It may be taken for granted that every possible effort will be made to avert it. A sense of humiliation will be mixed with indignation if such a course were forced on the British. There will be no fighting if the Government can help it, that may be taken for granted. On the other hand, there is nothing but tragedy ahead for the Sinn Feiners if they resort to force. The tragedy would not be confined to individuals, but would extend to the whole country. The rebels could not possibly win anything. And it is impossible to conceive of any course of action which would more disastrously injure the cause of Ireland as a whole. Every one seems in the dark as to what weapons and what trained men (if any) are available for the Sinn Feiners. The force of Britain is illimitable. There are grave possibilities ahead, but one powerful sheet anchor is the existence of a common mind among level-headed, experienced, and practical men of various groups of opinion against the Sinn Fein movement. The industrial chiefs of Ulster; veteran fighting statesmen like T. P. O'Connor, John Dillon, Joseph Devlin; wise independents like Sir Horace Plunkett; reasonable conservatives like Lord Middleton—all these provide a body of opinion and influence which may yet steer Ireland into the path of a prosperous and self government. Meanwhile America can undoubtedly exercise an ameliorating influence. The exact form in which American opinion should be expressed is a matter for careful consideration. I think it was Mr. Marshall Hall, the famous King's counsel, who a few months ago suggested that a way out of the Irish difficulty would be to cede Ireland to America. National sentiment in Britain might not acquiesce in the cession of Ireland, but it would not be on account of distrust of America in England. The interesting point incidentally would be what Ireland would say to the proposal, particularly the Sinn Feiners themselves. Would they regard American rule or an American protectorate as an improvement? That is an interesting riddle.

There is another course less drastic than that suggested by Mr. Marshall Hall. America might bring indirect influence to bear in clearing up the situation. I know all the difficulties inherent in interfering with the internal affairs of another country. All the same, personally I should like to see an unofficial body of prominent and distinguished American citizens whose names would have world-wide weight make an examination of the Irish situation and present an impartial report upon it. Imagine, for instance, a small commission under the chairmanship of Mr. Hughes. I have not the least idea of Mr. Hughes's opinion on the Irish question. I have, however, a high respect for his ability and impartiality, and I feel sure that his report would bring enlightenment to many extremists. It might have an educative influence in Ireland itself which would be surprising. Even Sinn Feiners would have to treat it with respect. Would they accept it?

It seems to Home Rule Englishmen that the fervent national spirit of Ireland would be able to find adequate expression in a form of self-government approximating that enjoyed by the individual States of the Union or overseas peoples like the Canadians. There are good friends of Ireland who see nothing for that country but bankruptcy if the web of business, financial, and political affiliations with Britain were shattered by absolute separation. Be that so or not, no British Government could acquiesce in the secession of Ireland any more than the North could acquiesce in the secession of some Southern States from the Union.

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THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE[1]

VI—PAPA GELAS

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

"VICTORY," observed Lieutenant Dogny as he set down his empty coffee-cup, "is not without its penalties."

Captain Finche, of the Tenth Company, Blankth Infantry of the Line, observed his subordinate with some interest.

"You speak," he replied, "as though you had in mind some very definite penalty."

"I have," said Dogny. "It is Théophile."

"After paying such tribute to his skill at cooking," observed the captain with a gesture toward Dogny's empty cup and plate, "it doesn't become you to call the company cook one of the penalties of victory."

"As a cook," persisted the subaltern, "Théophile is without flaw. I am quite ready to name him the best cook in the regiment, the army, or the world. I am by no means blind to any of his numerous virtues. Certainly posterity will hear his name long after you and I, along with sundry generals, marshals, and the like, are quite forgotten. The trouble with Théophile is that he had a father!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the captain, upon whom light seemed to be breaking; "the one who died serving the mitrailleuse at Gravelotte?"

"I didn't know that he had more than one," grinned the lieutenant; "but it is the one of Gravelotte to whom I object. Now I have no real quarrel with this good Gelas *père*. He has the unusual distinction of having served in two wars. He died valorously in 1870, and he has provided his son with vast spirit for the present struggle. But, as our British friends say, I am getting fed up with him."

"I take it that Théophile talks," suggested the captain.

"Talks!" Dogny's hands went above his head in a gesture of protest. "He is one incessant babble! During those hard days which are happily behind us he was too busy to remember his virtuous parent at all hours of the day and night. But now that we are winning steadily he has resurrected that uneasy spirit, and the men have Papa Gelas served with every meal!"

"What's to be done?"

"Apparently nothing," Dogny confessed. "I know of no mortal power which can curb Théophile's tongue without crushing his spirit, and his vivacity is too valuable a company asset to be destroyed. We shall have to leave matters to Providence; but I think I shall emulate the artillery and plug my ears."

"It just happens," reflected the captain, "that we shall rest in Gravelotte to-morrow night. Perhaps the tomb of his ancestor will have a quieting effect upon Théophile."

"*Grâce à Dieu* if it does!" Dogny exclaimed with fervor.

Meanwhile, in the light of his waning fires, Théophile was going some way toward justifying Dogny's accusations. Seated on an overturned pail, gesturing freely with the short pipe which was his inseparable companion, he was narrating for perhaps the thousandth time the familiar incident of the heroically defended mitrailleuse. His audience, being full of excellent food and comfortably solaced by tobacco, were complacent enough to hear him out.

But in the circle of listeners was one Corporal Prisches, new to the Tenth Company, and quite unversed in the ways and standing of Théophile. He knew nothing of the cook's unusual history, saw in him nothing but an absurd little figure of a man with ridiculous mustaches who was talking too much. Besides, Corporal Prisches wished to talk.

"And after this," he cut in, taking advantage of one of the narrator's infrequent pauses, "I suppose he went on and took Berlin single-handed. Suppose you tell us about that for a change."

Doubtless Corporal Prisches had expectation of applause from the others and complete silence from Théophile. He was doomed to swift and complete disappointment. He was aware of silence, indeed, but not of the approving sort. The men glanced uneasily and almost with hostility at him, then expectantly at Théophile. And the luckless corporal observed for the first time that the cook's eye carried discomfort.

"So," Théophile observed, icily, "monsieur is pleased to take exception to my statements?"

"Well—" began Prisches, wriggling uncomfortably and futilely endeavoring to undo the damage.

"Enough!" thundered the enraged cook in that tone usually employed by officers above the rank of captain. "Something tells me that for the next few days the food of M. le Corporal will not be wholly to his liking."

Then, as though the interruption had not occurred, Théophile resumed his discourse.

But the next day it appeared that the impossible had occurred. The spirits of Théophile, which had been proof against the vicissitudes of nearly four years of war, had suffered an inexplicable collapse. The thing was as puzzling to Théophile as to his companions. He shook his head dolefully in response to the usual after-breakfast banter.

"I have no tongue, *mes amis*," he confessed, in dejection. "I feel desolated, heavy, without spirit. Were it not a manifest impossibility, I should think I were going to be ill."

All day the invisible burden rested upon the soul of the little chef. The Tenth Company was one of the numerous small commands engaged in probing the breadth and depth of the German withdrawal in the country about doomed Metz, ever within sound of the beleaguering Allied batteries, but operating independently, their duties being simply the careful combing of the ground, the sending back of information, and the gathering of chance fragments in the way of prisoners and abandoned booty.

It was spry work, calling for speed on the roads, nimbleness in drawing every covert which might conceal small lurking bodies of the foe, and extreme mobility on the part of the very limited commissary—consisting in this instance of Théophile, his assistants, and a single motor truck. It was precisely the sort of work which would ordinarily have delighted him, and yet he remained frowning, careworn, and unresponsive.

"The miracle appears to have happened," Captain Finche said to his lieutenant during the short halt at noon.

"Impossible!" Dogny answered, skeptically. "It must be a wrinkle in Théophile's sock. At least you should bless that."

"I do," Dogny assured his superior, with feeling.

It was late on a November afternoon that the little "flying column" swung in over the Metz-Verdun road to the village which was to serve as their halting place for the night. Théophile, his head drawn down into the folds of his collar as he sat beside the driver on the seat of the motor truck, looked at it with an indifferent glance. It rested on the top of a ridge, a junction point for two highways leading from Verdun to Metz, flanked both north and south by dense masses of forest, whose edges were within half a mile of the outlying houses.

Suddenly Théophile sat upright on the seat, almost as though answering the summons of a voice.

"What village is that?" he asked, sharply.

"That one ahead?" asked the driver. "Gravelotte!"

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed Théophile. "That explains everything. Now I shall feel better at once."

"You are ill?" queried the driver.

"Not ill," Théophile explained, curtly. "No Gelas is ever ill. I am oppressed."

"*Bien!*" answered the driver, and hid his good-natured smile in the fur collar of his greatcoat.

But, although Théophile was now convinced that it had been the proximity of that village which had witnessed his father's last struggle which had so profoundly affected him, this knowledge did not serve to remove the weight from his spirit. The unwonted heaviness continued.

He found Gravelotte—which most men have called a pretty place—forbidding,

[1] Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

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sinister, and ugly, the encroaching borders of the Bois des Ognons full of menace.

"It is no wonder the place was the scene of a disaster," he observed to one of his helpers as he sat peeling potatoes in the gathering darkness. "It is a frightful place!"

"I thought it rather fine," answered the other.

"What difference does it make what you think, blockhead?" demanded Théophile, with something of his usual acerbity. "I, who have the eye of a veteran campaigner, say that the place is horrible. It is a trap. Those forests might hold a division."

"Yes, but they don't," insisted the helper, with breezy confidence.

Théophile eyed a billet of wood and the helper's head, as though considering some operation which involved the two objects, then passed over the matter and relapsed into silence.

During the evening, instead of smoking his pipe by the fire, Théophile prowled. He discovered that beyond the village lay a deep, wooded ravine, and on the lip of it was an abandoned German trench, holding a single machine gun. More somber masses of dark forest lay on the far side of the ravine. Théophile, eying them morosely, peopled them with a thousand fancied foes. Even speech with a sentry who assured him that scouts had reconnoitered far beyond the ravine and that Cossack posts were even now established on its far side failed to reassure him. The captured machine gun seemed to have an uncanny attraction for him. He had a sudden flash of enlightenment.

"I know it as though I had been told!" he exclaimed aloud. "It was in this precise spot that the mitrailleuse stood! It was here that my father fell!"

Even then his restlessness persisted. Finally he sought Lieutenant Dogny.

"Well, Théophile?" said that uneasy officer.

Théophile tried to explain. He was uneasy, perhaps unwell, felt that the open air might benefit him. Would the lieutenant permit that he sleep by the captured trench?

"Why just there?" Dogny answered, curiously.

"It is a fancy," Théophile answered, with dignity.

"Do so, if you like," Dogny told him, then muttered to himself when the cook had gone, "Now if he talks he will have to apostrophize the empty landscape."

Théophile spread his blankets where the raised parapet of the trench (refaced since their arrival by the men of the Tenth Company) sheltered him from the night breeze, and tried to sleep. It was useless. The night seemed alive, full of inexplicable sounds, movements invisible yet sensed. Théophile smoked a pipe, and for the first time in his life wished for the comforting light of morning.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" he muttered; "is this a premonition of death that so overpowers me? Am I, after all, that accursed thing, a coward?"

He groped his way down into the trench—held by no more than a half-dozen figures muffled in their blankets—and sat down beside the ugly German weapon. A touch told him that a belt of cartridges was in place.

"The very spot," he mused; "and, instead of dying heroic deaths, I must sit here like an old woman, turning my hair gray with unpleasant thoughts which I do not understand. Beyond doubt this is a premonition of disaster. In the morning I shall probably spoil *M. le Capitaine's* coffee."

From a clock in the village behind him (either because it stood on the mooted ground of Lorraine or their retreat had been too precipitate, the foe had spared it) the hour of two struck loudly. Théophile shivered slightly. As he did so he thought he heard a faint cry somewhere down in the dark ravine. He waited, expecting to hear the challenge of the nearest sentry. None came.

"Along with my other trials," he said, lugubriously, "I am losing my mind."

But an instant later his ear again caught a sound down in the ravine, and this time there was no question about its reality. It was a cry—sharp and clean cut.

"Now what—" began Théophile, and stopped in the middle of the sentence.

A confused, moving blur suddenly appeared before him, gathered substance, rushed forward with a heavy, thudding tread and a clank of metal. He could not see clearly, could not make out details, but in his mind there was no question of what the thing was, no trace of uncertainty. He did not call out, did not seek to leave the trench or reach the nearest of the sleeping figures. His hand closed on the crank of the German gun. Never before had he handled one of the weapons, never had he been called upon to face attack. There might have been a dozen abstruse catches and levers about the strange weapon which must be moved before the thing could be fired. Théophile did not consider this. It was a weapon, his hand was upon it, and he knew that the vague object rushing at him through the darkness was a knot of hostile infantry. He set his teeth with a snarl and turned the crank.

It worked. There was a sudden chattering succession of popping explosions, and the advancing mass disintegrated under a shower of bullets.

"Hey, *mon père!*" shouted Théophile; "there is still one of the house of Gelas, and this is the hour of vengeance!"

There followed ten furious minutes. They were long enough to Captain Finche and his lieutenants, hastily turning their company out of their comfortable billets and hurrying them forward; longer still, perhaps, to the little raiding party of Germans, suddenly balked on the very edge of a successful surprise; but to Théophile they were an eternity.

Not that he was frightened. This was the moment for which he had prayed. But he knew that the foe had either rushed or knifed the outlying sentries, and that nothing but himself and the captured gun stood between his sleeping comrades and the foe. Also he had no idea how many cartridges there were in the belt now feeding through the gun, nor how to put in a fresh belt. He had to stop the rush with such ammunition as still remained in the gun.

Never having lived silently, the fiery little cook was of no mind to die so. He waged his fight to the accompaniment of shouts and oaths. Now he addressed the spirit of his father, now taunted the invisible foe, now cursed fluently the machine gun as it jammed momentarily, even shouted in exultation as it cleared itself. He did not know that the sleeping figures in the trench had come to life and that their busy rifles were aiding him.

Had the little man loosed the whole belt of cartridges into the blackness at the very first, he would have shot his bolt and done no more than deal one blow, then waste the remaining strength on empty air. But he fought with his brain as well as his courage. He husbanded the uncertain cartridges, jerked at the crank only when a dim target showed itself. A minute after he had begun something like a red-hot iron struck his right shoulder. He caught the crank in his left hand and went on turning. A second bullet scored his side, a third whipped off his cap and left a furrow across his scalp.

Again a dense mass showed itself directly in front of him, this time much closer to the trench. Théophile flung himself furiously upon the crank. The piece spat out a score of bullets, clicked, was dumb.

"German pigs!" Théophile bellowed. "Like them to let the cartridges run out!"

Then he leaped to his feet to meet the wave of men which came at him out of the night, one arm flung up in defense, but flung up too late to stop the descending rifle butt which felled him.

The silenced machine gun, however, had served its purpose. Instead of a half-awakened, defenseless foe, the Germans flung themselves into the steady, machine-like volleys of the Tenth Company. In five minutes the thing was over, the scattering helmeted figures swallowed up in the black shadows of the ravine, the victors pricking their way cautiously forward.

"Who fired that machine gun?" demanded Captain Finche of a figure he found kneeling in the trench, binding a bandage about his wrist.

"Théophile," answered the man. "Théophile and another."

"Another! What other?"

"His father, I think, *mon Capitaine*; at least he called continually to his father, and one man could hardly have served the gun."

"*Mère de Dieu!*" exclaimed Finche, while a sergeant who overheard crossed himself hastily. "And where is Théophile?"

"In the trench, *mon Capitaine*."

"A light here!" ordered the captain, and hurried forward. "I would rather have lost a dozen men," he said to Dogny. "They would have rushed us but

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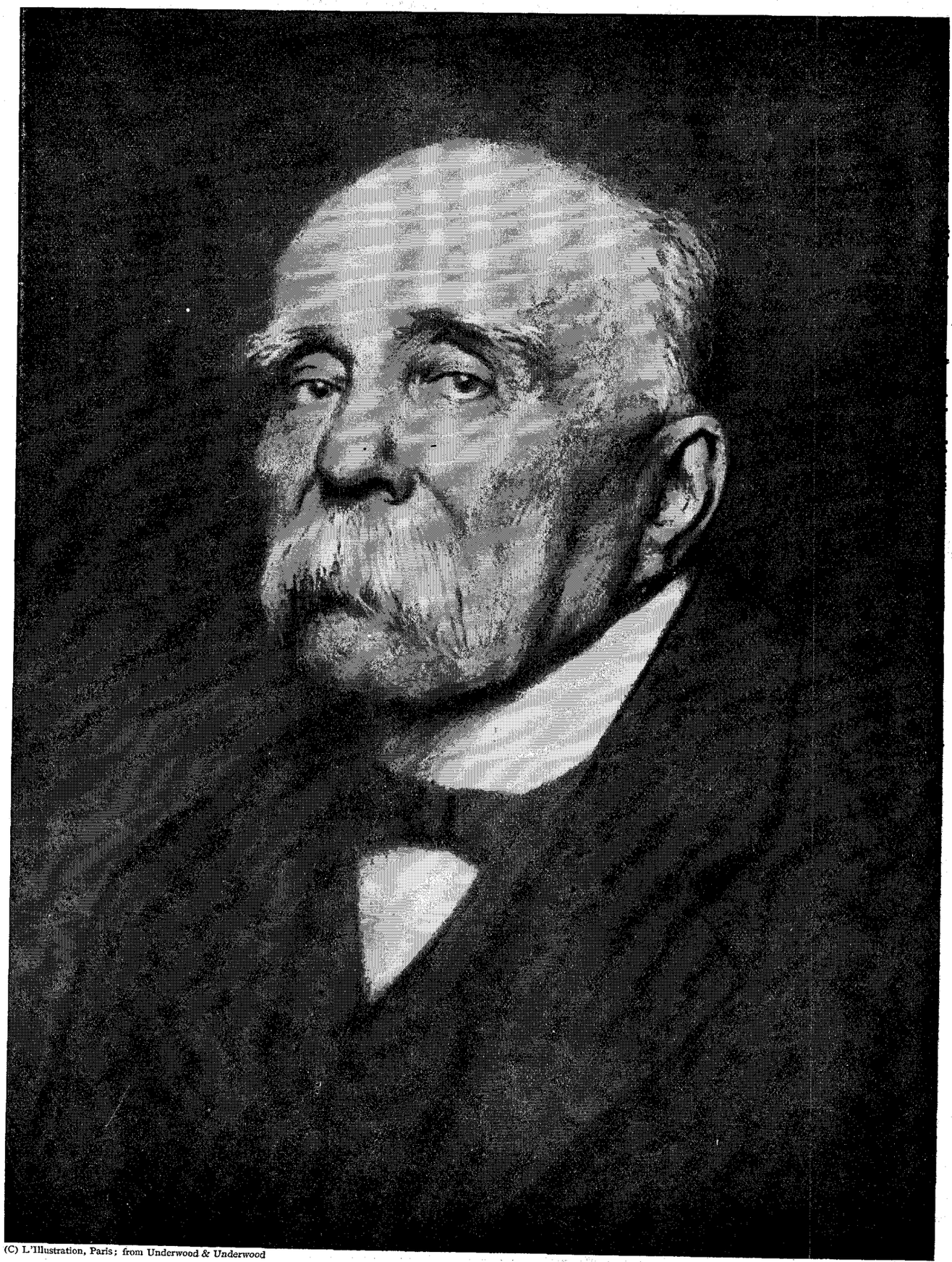
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



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GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, THE FRENCH PREMIER—ONE OF THE GREAT FIGURES OF THE COMING PEACE CONFERENCE

Elsewhere we comment editorially on recent utterances of M. Clemenceau which have aroused wide discussion

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WIGWAGGING A WELCOME TO THE APPROACHING FLEET

Central News Photo Service

SAILORS GETTING "SHORE LEAVE" TO VISIT THE CITY

(C) Paul Thompson

WATCHING THE FLEET FROM THE SHORE

THE HOME-COMING OF AMERICA'S "VICTORY FLEET"—SCENES IN NEW YORK HARBOR

Ten dreadnoughts that have represented America's sea power in the waters of Europe during the Great War made their triumphal entry into New York Harbor on Thursday, December 26. They were, in the order in which they entered the harbor, as reported: Arizona, Oklahoma, Nevada, Utah, Pennsylvania, New York, Texas, Arkansas, Wyoming, and Florida. Some typical incidents of their reception are pictured above

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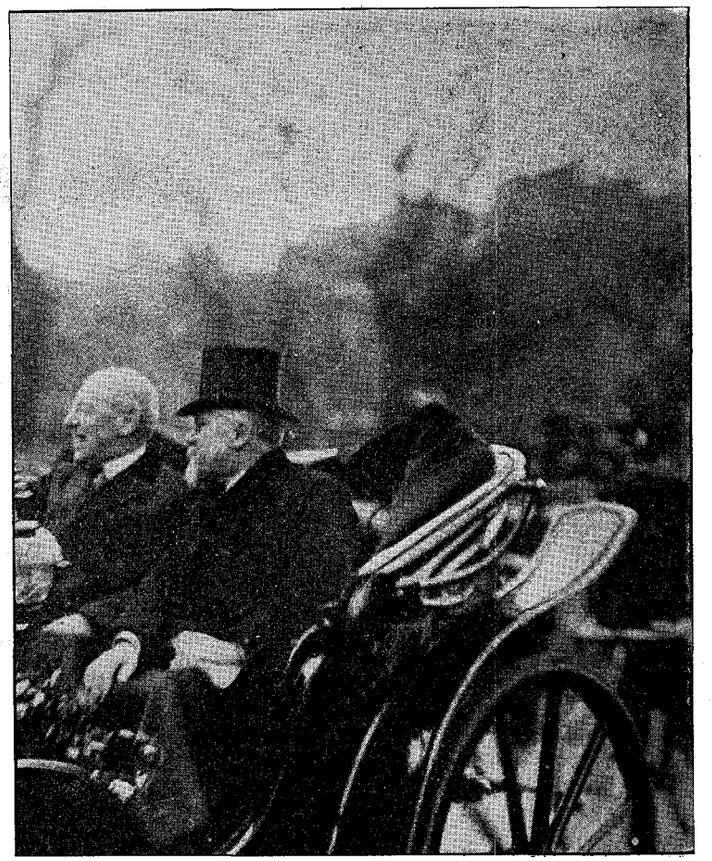
Western Newspaper Union

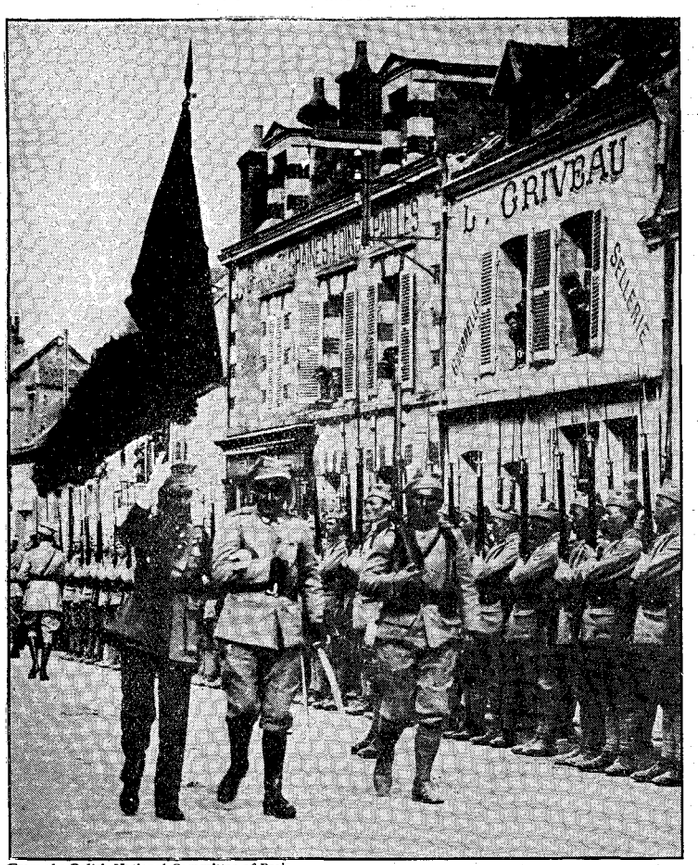
THE PRINCESS PATRICIA, WHO IS SOON TO BE MARRIED

The announcement is made that this very popular British princess, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, is betrothed to Commander Alexander Ramsay, heir to the Earl of Dalhousie



PRESIDENT WILSON DRIVING WITH PRESIDENT POINCARÉ

This photograph was forwarded to us from Paris by Mr. E. H. Abbott, who is the Outlook's special correspondent at the Peace Conference. See his article in this issue



From the Polish National Committee of Paris

A POLISH FLAG CARRIED BY A POLISH HERO

The picture was taken just after the flag shown was presented to this regiment of Polish Chasseurs; it is carried by Lieutenant Hodzko, who was wounded 22 times and lost his leg in the war—note that he walks with an artificial leg

(C) Press Illustrating Service

GIRLS OF METZ WELCOME FRENCH LIBERATORS

These attractive girls, dressed in fête costume, have commandeered a military automobile and are on their way to extend a glad welcome to the French forces which have just entered this historic city for the first time in over fifty years

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for the man's incredible quickness in using that gun; they'd have caught us half-awake there in the village."

"How the devil!" muttered Dogny. "He asked me to let him sleep there."

"The deuce he did! There's something queer in this."

They found Théophile under two Germans in the bottom of the trench, lifted him carefully, and laid him on the ground in the light of the lantern. He was covered with blood from two wounds on the scalp, one arm hung limp, there was an ugly damp patch on the side of his tunic. The two officers and the group of men behind them stood staring down at the queer little figure with its bristling mustaches and scarlet trousers in silence.

"About the heaviest casualty the Tenth Company could have suffered, *mes enfants*," the captain said, soberly.

The eyes of Théophile suddenly opened.

"I am not a casualty," he said, faintly. "I am a cook."

What else he said was completely lost in the shout of joy, in which the voice of Lieutenant Dogny was loudest.

LINES ON LONELINESS

BY ZÉNAÏDE A. RAGOZIN

These lines, written many years ago, which have come to The Outlook from a Russian lady now eighty years old who has been living among all the terrors of Petrograd, are an affecting expression of one of the most poignant sorrows which thoughtful Russians are suffering in these days when their country is cut off by the misdeeds of a misguided group of its own people from the confidence of the rest of the world. Madame Ragozin has traveled much in various parts of the world, including this country.—THE EDITORS.

There is a feeling which can goad the soul,
If ardent be the spirit, proud, and deep,
Into the semblance of despair, and call
Each ready passion from its treacherous sleep.
Than grief more fell, and racking more than fear,
'Twill mark each joy with a defacing blight,
Each sorrow with a direr hue, and steer
The harrowed mind from peace's beacon light;
'Twill eat into the very heart, until
It sickens with a sense of dreariness;
Its action is to sadden life and fill
All hours with gloom; its name is *loneliness*.

The tears that do not flow, but swell the heart,
The wrath that flashes not, but sears the breast,
The unuttered words that in the bosom smart,
The thought, the laugh, unshared or suppressed,—
The silent anguish of a loving soul
That would speak out, but has not whom to tell,
To whom its secret being to unroll,—
They that are lonely, oh! they know these well!
True, there is nature, there is study's bliss,
But naught there is, not even poetry,
That can restore to joy or soothe to peace
The soul that longs for love and sympathy.

JOSIAH ROYCE

BY CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

One of the greatest utterances in the war was that in which Josiah Royce, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, arraigned the German Government. In his philosophy he exalted loyalty. It is not strange, therefore, that in Germany's disloyalty to humanity he saw the greatest of crimes. He was sixty-one years old when he died. Many hundreds of men besides those who have become special students of philosophy owe to Professor Royce much of their mental resources and their capacity for searching the truth. Dr. Slattery, the rector of Grace Church, in New York City, voices the feeling and appreciation of many others in the following article.—THE EDITORS.

I FIRST saw Josiah Royce somewhat more than thirty years ago. I had been living in the Far West, and Chicago proved to be the most convenient place for me to take my entrance examinations for Harvard College. One hot July morning forty or fifty boys from various parts of the West, most of them wholly strangers to all the others, climbed the stairs of a school building on the North Side. On the top floor we found the room appointed for our examinations. Breezes came in at the windows, and also great flakes of soot which blackened our hands and our blue books in which the examinations were written. We waited nervously for the examiner from Cambridge. A large person with bushy side-whiskers came in. Sudden silence fell on the room. Evidently this was the executioner. But he passed the platform, sat down at a little desk next mine, and took out twelve wonderfully sharpened pencils. There was a rustle of relief, as we all took breath again. Just a moment before the hour announced there appeared a short man with a large head, looking as we who had read Greek history thought Socrates must have looked; he carried a leather bag, which he put down on the big platform desk, and then sat solemnly behind it. He frankly looked us over, and we gazed at him; he seemed human and humorous and kind. Things didn't seem so bad, after all. This was Josiah Royce.

I can remember only one sentence which he said in those anxious hot July days. Some one went to the desk to ask him a question. Evidently he felt that whatever information was imparted must be given to all; so we heard him say quite clearly in his quizzical voice as his eyes rested on a tall chimney outside the window: "You want to know what is meant by 'the composition of a word.' Well, the composition of mortar is lime and sand and water." We began to think that if we ever did do so foolish a thing as to study philosophy (for by this time we had pried out of one of our number who had a Harvard Catalogue that the inquisitor taught philosophy) we shouldn't mind attaching ourselves to one of his classes. These were days when the elective system was in the height of its newly discovered glory, and we had a sense of unusual freedom as we inspected the faculty and their wares.

For three years I resisted the impulse to elect one of his courses. I saw him constantly, and felt a sense of ownership in the various anecdotes about him and his small boy which the students told one another. This was the boy who thwarted an afternoon tea by tying crape to the door-bell, and who, in sprinkling the grass, and seeing a delightfully infirm old man amble by, turned the hose on Mr. James Russell Lowell, who thereupon gave up his call on Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, and was carefully tended by the boy's anxious parents. My only memory of this brilliant boy was meeting him one afternoon at the college pump, where a group of students were slaking their thirst. I asked the boy if he didn't want me to pump some water for him, whereupon he answered with a musical drawl, very slowly, "No, I-do-not-want-you-to-pump-my-waw-taw; I-will-pump-my-own-wawtaw." We talked of our Socrates, as he made his way back and forth through the college yard; and we were proud of him and of the binding force of our University when he resisted a very loud and lucrative call from the newly established University of Chicago, preferring bread and water and the companionship of William James and George Herbert Palmer to milk and honey without them.

In my senior year I sat under Professor Royce in a stiff course on the History of German Thought from 1770 to 1830. It was a course which brought out the rich variety of Royce's learning and culture. He discussed the two Fausts of Goethe;

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most of us learned for the first time through his exposition of Herder what was meant by the modern historical method; we tried to follow him as he told us what Kant meant in the pages of the "Kritik" which we had read (or thought we had read) the night before; we loved Fichte; we laughed at Heine; we reveled in Hegel, and found out how much more we knew than he in the end. The difficulty and the charm went side by side; and, though we knew that we were listening to more than we could appropriate, some of the insight and the wisdom sank in.

It was in this same year that he gave in Sanders Theater some popular lectures which were afterwards published as "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy." The ground covered was largely the ground covered in his college lectures, and most of us went to hear the information from this slightly different angle. He had an inspiring way of quoting the Bible, illuminating by his context a familiar passage, which seemed to say exactly what the philosopher of the evening wished to say and couldn't. The ladies of Cambridge, who made up most of the audience, understood these happy quotations. Now and then there would be a flash of humor, as when he described the boy learning to write, who grasped the pen in his tight fist, and then put his tongue in his cheek, and at length wrote. The ladies of Cambridge nodded to one another over these sallies, and understood perfectly how delightful philosophy was. But for the most part when the lecturer sailed the seas where no figure or illustration could float there was evident discouragement on most of the faces; and we who had the privilege of having learned the sage's style went back to our rooms to laugh impertinently because the ladies of Cambridge were taking externally a course in philosophy.

After my graduation, while I was in a professional school, I took another of Professor Royce's courses. This was on Cosmology, and showed in an amazing way his familiarity with science. The basis of the course was Spencer's book "First Principles," which he mercilessly criticised. We read also, among many other books, Joseph Le Conte's "Evolution," which he always referred to with affection. I think Le Conte had been an old teacher in Royce's early life in California. The whole course turned on the fact that because there was an unknown element in life it was not therefore unknowable; that even if we could not know all, what we did know in part we did know; and that there were two methods of knowing, one by description (like mathematics) and the other by appreciation (like poetry, love, patriotism). We who had known the Royce of Goethe, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel found a new Royce in this course. In some ways we saw more deeply into his wisdom, because we were getting more deeply into the knowledge of the man.

Pragmatism had not then found definite expression, but in his devotion to the absolute Royce was even then ready for the fray which was later to engage him. One morning he began to describe an angel who said that, by his experience, two and two make five. There was a pause. We expected that Royce would go on to explain that there might conceivably be a consciousness quite unlike our earth consciousness in which two and two *would* make five. But we were brought suddenly to our senses. "If," said Royce, fiercely, "I met that angel, I'd know what sort of an angel that was!"

It was about this time, when he was giving his assurance of his trust in certain fixed principles which could not be wholly proved by an outward demonstration, but of which he was confident through his inner conviction or intuition or valid feeling, that he quoted with approval a small girl whose protest he had heard on a noisy Boston street. The child had made her statement of what she believed a fact. Her companions had challenged her. They jeered, they laughed. But she stood her ground for the truth as she saw it, exclaiming, "I don't keer—and I don't keer if I don't keer." What was lack of earthly approval if one had conviction like that?

After this I saw Dr. Royce only occasionally, at the meetings of a philosophical club or upon the street. One Sunday afternoon I met him on a Cambridge street car. He looked tired. I asked him where he had been, for he was carrying a large traveling bag. "Oh," he said, laughingly, "I've been in New York. I've been giving lectures on philosophy to a woman's club in New York every Saturday afternoon. The first lecture was a respectable philosophical lecture, but I saw that they didn't understand a word of it. So since then I've been giving them 'guff'—and they think philosophy's great." We laughed, and at Harvard Square we parted. I think I never saw him again.

But I continued to be his pupil. Living far away, unable to see him, I planned to read his books as he sent them forth. So I came under his spell as he declared his inspiring doctrine of loyalty. It was to be his theme to the end with enlargements and variations. To those who put high value on the Church his words about loyalty to the Beloved Community were as a fresh revelation. I was moved by his "Sources of Religious Insight." Perhaps the profoundest note in this book is the passage about finding God in the depths. "We come," he said, "to such deep places that we can only cry. We are astonished that we can cry. And then we become aware that our cry is heard. And He who hears is God. And so," he continued, "God is often defined for the plain man as He who hears men's cry from the depths." One has no right to see in public utterance the revelation of a writer's personal experience, but I have always wondered if this great confession of God's presence were not the outcome of his own sorrow in the death of his only son. If so, it was a demonstration of his own doctrine, which I had learned in his classroom years before, that truth is not only that which can be described, but also that which can be only appreciated by experience.

His two volumes on Christianity struck again the notes of loyalty, especially loyalty to the Beloved Community. The part which most appealed to me was the section on "Sacrifice and Atonement." Before there was a world war to teach us he revealed the eternal truth in the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice and in atonement. Even the Church had grown silent, or at times had tried to explain the doctrine away. He made it plain even to the man who felt no obligation to ancient formularies. The lack of the book is that it makes Christ into a Beloved Community and says nothing of the loyalty which the saints have delighted to give to Christ himself—their enthusiasm, their devotion, their love to a personal leader and master.

Apart from books Dr. Royce was a living example of loyalty. When his dearest friend, William James, became a pragmatist, Royce, like another St. Paul dealing with Peter, "withstood him to the face." There was for Royce an absolute ideal, eternal in the heavens, and our fluctuating understandings and needs could not change it. He was also perplexed by Professor James's sympathetic attention to mediums. There was a tale, very likely apocryphal, that when the famous Spanish medium who had won James's approval of her genuineness was afterwards caught in a palpable fraud Royce sent to James the following lines:

> "Eny, meney, miney, mo:
> Catch Eusapia by the toe.
> If she hollers, that will show
> James's theories are not so!"

Of course the philosophical difference served only to make the friendship stronger.

The most vivid instance of his loyalty came towards the end. When the European war began, he tried to stand aside in philosophic detachment. But as it was borne in upon him what Germany was trying to do and was doing he boldly fled from his neutrality, and in public speech and in published articles declared his allegiance to the cause of England and France and their allies. He did not live to see his own country striving in the high cause for truth and righteousness; but it may be that his ringing words hastened the day of our entering the strife. Once more he demonstrated that philosophy is practical and is from life to richer life. Possibly his own death was hastened by the intensity of his plea; he may have been part of the vicarious sacrifice by which the man who loves righteousness loves it so completely that he lays down his life for his friends.

I am an orthodox person. I suppose Josiah Royce felt neither the fetters nor the inspiration of orthodoxy. But he was a deeply religious man, bent upon finding God and serving him with all his mind and heart and strength. He took me out of the closed rooms which religion sometimes cherishes, and, quite in the open spaces, led me to gaze into the sky and far away to the melting horizon, and to be unafraid. I want thus late to speak my gratitude.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of January 8, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The President in England; The President at Church.

Reference: Pages 45, 46.

Questions:

1. How many reasons can you give for "the warmth and cordiality of the greeting to President Wilson" by England? Name them. 2. What was the old "balance of power" plan? Discuss the advisability of abolishing it and the practicability of establishing in its place "a single, overwhelming, powerful group of nations," both of which were recommended by President Wilson at Guildhall. 3. President Wilson told King George that he and the spokesmen of Great Britain, France, and Italy all have the same conceptions of the significance and scope of the duty on which they had met. What, in your opinion, is the significance and scope of that duty? 4. Give unshakable proofs of the President's statement: "There is a great tide running in the hearts of men. The hearts of men have never beaten so singularly in unison before. Men have never before been so conscious of their brotherhood." 5. The President also said that "right" and "justice" are great words. What are the reasons? 6. Are right and justice the same everywhere at all times? Discuss at length. 7. Mr. Wilson told the congregation at Carlisle that "it is moral force as much as physical force that has defeated the effort to subdue the world." Wherein does the history of this war prove this? 8. Illustrate from history whether moral force is irresistible. 9. Show that England is no less a democracy than America. 10. What reasons are there for believing that for us and for the world the most important thing is the unity of the English-speaking peoples? 11. Read three very valuable books: "The English-Speaking Peoples," by G. L. Beer (Macmillan); "Imperial England," by Lovell and Payne (Macmillan); "An Outline Sketch of English Constitutional History," by G. B. Adams (Yale University Press).

B. Topic: Freedom of the Seas.

Reference: Pages 58–60.

Questions:

1. What obstacles to the free use of the seas does Professor Hart mention? Explain why these are obstacles. 2. There are certain strategic sites of special international importance. Among them are: Gibraltar, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus; the Suez, Panama, and Kiel Canals; Denmark, Belgium, Greece, and Switzerland. Explain why these are of such importance and tell what disposition you think ought to be made of them. 3. Discuss why it is of great importance to the world to know just what President Wilson thinks about the freedom of the seas. 4. Give as many reasons as you can why it would be well to have control of the seas in the hands of Great Britain. Give reasons against it. 5. Show that British and American opinion, traditions, and precedents are against the theory that peace-time sea rules should be enforced in time of war. Is common sense also against this theory? Discuss. 6. What greater *freedom of the seas* could the nations enjoy if the control of the seas were placed in the keeping of a League of Nations? What greater freedom of the seas would they *assuredly* enjoy in such a case? 7. Give reasons why you do or do not believe that America should have the greatest navy in the world. 8. You will derive much profit by reading "The Great Peace," by H. H. Powers (Macmillan), and "A Republic of Nations," by R. C. Minor (Oxford University Press, New York).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Spirit of Political Reconstruction in America.

Reference: Pages 61, 62.

Questions:

1. What, according to Professor Davenport, should the spirit of political reconstruction be? Discuss. 2. Name and discuss several things sound political reconstruction presupposes. 3. Discuss whether America is really in need of political reconstruction. 4. Explain: "The fate of democracy is wrapped up in the reconciliation of the economic motive with the ethical motive throughout the world." 5. Show why and how our American soldiers "revealed to us and to the world the real America." 6. What reasons are there for believing that "1919 will prove quite as important to human destiny" as did 1918? 7. Discuss how a politically intelligent citizenship can be developed. 8. Read "A History of Freedom of Thought," by J. B. Bury, and "Liberalism," by L. T. Hobhouse (both published by Holt)—every American should know "The Home University Library" volumes.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Bolshevism is worse than Germanism.
2. Democracy is always on trial.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for January 8, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Presumptive right, circumventing, demurrage, annihilate, into the discard, right of angary, ameliorate (59); ethical motive, internecine, blithering idiot (61).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Laughing Willow (The). By Oliver Herford. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

Mr. Herford is fertile in queer quips presented through the pen and pencil. His drawings and rhymes here are laughter-provoking, and some of them are sharp in their satire against social or public follies. The cover design of the book is particularly clever.

Venus in the East. By Wallace Irwin. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

A somewhat overcolored and burlesqued story of the adventures of a young man from the West who discovers a process for extracting gold and comes East with his pockets full of money. He encounters all grades of New York society, and especially people who are of the vulgar rich type or are social snobs. The book is amusing, but not of serious value as fiction.

BIOGRAPHY

Early Years of the Saturday Club (The). 1855–1870. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

Never in America, probably, were so many men of wit and genius drawn together informally as in the gatherings of the Saturday Club during its early years. Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Motley, Dana, Hoar, Agassiz, Longfellow, Prescott, were a few of the stars in that wonderful constellation. This book scintillates with reflections of their brilliance. The older generation of Americans will read it with the eager delight of the hearers of new stories about revered friends; the younger generation will glean from its reminiscences, to a degree perhaps not to be had from the reading of any other book yet published, a realization of the gifted personalities of the Elder Statesmen of New England's literary and intellectual life.

POETRY

Crosses of War. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.

The author of these verses has a wide audience which is willing, perhaps, to forgive her much for the beauty of her story of Lincoln, "The Perfect Tribute." This volume is likely to test their allegiance, for its twenty pages are commonplace and superficial, with no suggestion of the kindling spark which distinguishes poetry from dreary, rhymed prose.

Forward, March! By Angela Morgan. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

Here are "soulful" verses which the publishers announce to be "in tune with the new age spirit of internationalism, the larger consciousness of life," and a great many other things to which Hermione and her "little group of serious thinkers" are wont to devote an evening a week. The poems are sincere and earnest. Perhaps it is their lack of imagination that makes them appear as the utterances of one who is endeavoring to lift herself by her own bootstraps.

Poems and Plays of John Masefield (The). Vol. I—Poems; Vol. II—Plays. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.75 each.

The publishers of John Masefield have done poetry lovers a service in collecting into these two volumes, aggregating some

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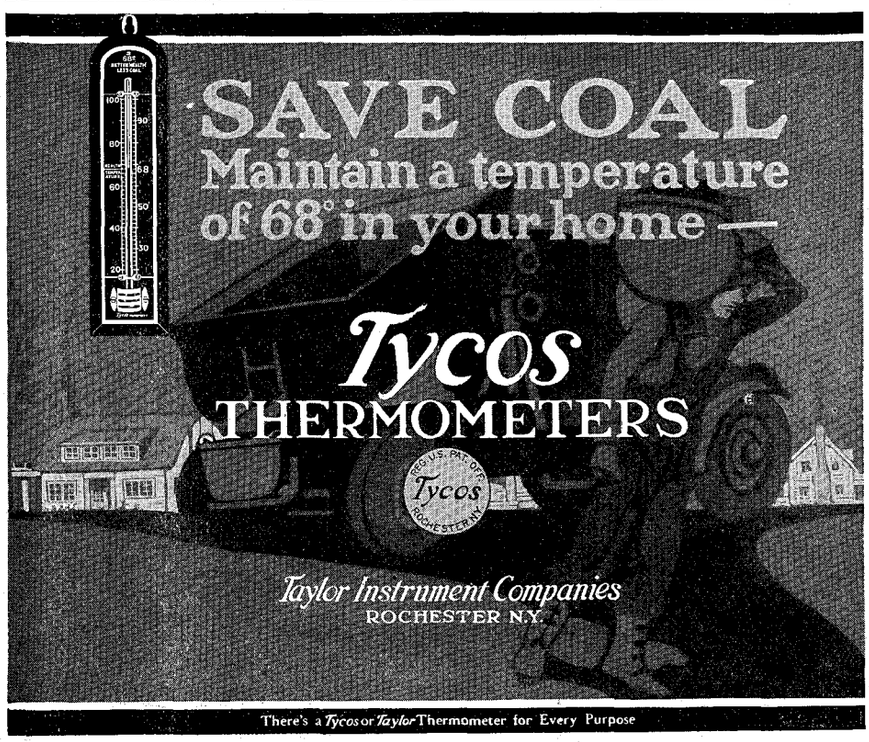

The New Books (Continued)

twelve hundred pages, the poems and plays which have kindled the enthusiasm of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Masefield has a place in literature from which the swift currents of time are not likely to dislodge him. Of living poets writing in English there are none to match him in either the narrative or the dramatic field. There is poignant reality in almost every line; a burning hunger for beauty; utter sincerity; fervor, magic, a sharp sense of the dramatic. The poets of the "new school," it is said, lift their eyebrows somewhat at John Masefield. One wonders whether a session with these volumes will not bring to trepidation the scorn of their omniscience.

Such Nonsense! By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Here is nonsense on a hundred different pipes, from Edward Lear and W. S. Gilbert to Gelett Burgess, Arthur Guiterman, and F. P. A. All the old favorites are here together with legions of the lesser known, all amusing and some excruciatingly funny. The illustrations are, like the verses, some old and some new, and all delightful. But the book has one screaming fault—the "smart-Aleck" phrases in which the compiler comments on each flower of her anthology. Most of the comments are in bad taste, and all are unnecessary. They almost ruin an otherwise delectable book.

WAR BOOKS

America at the Front. By Fullerton L. Waldo. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Behind the Wheel of a War Ambulance. By Robert Whitney Imbrie. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.50.

Thoughtful parents are always on the lookout for the proper kind of reading for their big boys. Those boys are irritated at anything suggesting "children's books." And yet the kind of reading they want is not that strictly for "grown-ups." It is rather something which they can easily comprehend, and of a picturesque, lively nature—with a little pertinent instruction too. Of course, those boys have all been interested, above everything else, in the war. These two volumes of war chronicle and adventure precisely fill their need. The books are full of the spirit of young America.

Peak of the Load (The). By Mildred Aldrich. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.35.

This new volume by the author of "The Hill-Top on the Marne" carries on the story of life in the threatened zone of France not far from Meaux. Here many thrilling incidents happened when the new German wave of 1918 broke again against the barrier of the Marne. As in the earlier narrative, the personal and individual sides of the story are delightful.

MISCELLANEOUS

Nerve Control and How to Gain It. By H. Addington Bruce. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.

325 Group Contests for the Army, Navy, and School. By William J. Cromie. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

All schools and athletic organizations which have a goodly number of pupils or members will want this book. The very titles of the contests are appetizing—such as "Skin the Snake Relay," "Broomstick Progressive Relay Races," "Shuttle Relays," "Man-Carrying Relay Races," etc. Carefully worked out photographs of the contests make the text clear.

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation.

Comment and suggestions are invited.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD ROADS BETWEEN FARM AND MARKET

BY G. A. KISSEL

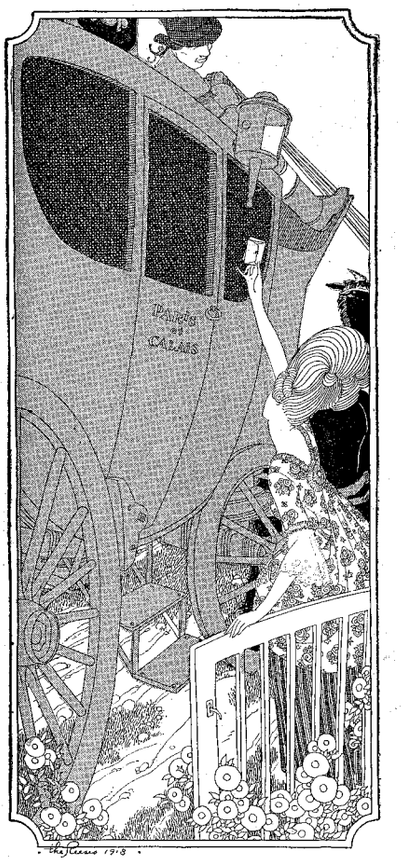
President Kissel Motor Car Company

IT is estimated by a joint Committee of Federal Aid in the construction of post roads that through our neglect of highways we are paying a cash penalty of more than $504,000,000 per year in excessive cost for transporting food products from farm to market. This estimate is based, not on the conditions as they exist to-day, but on facts and figures gathered before it was necessary to produce the abnormal supply of food required to feed, not only our own population as well as that of our allies, but the millions of starving people in Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, and Turkey, and those of other countries that have suffered indirectly through the war.

The necessity of more good roads to help move the country's increased food production as well as to insure an uninterrupted flow of food to Europe is shown by the statement of Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, in which he asks the Highways Transport Committee to aid in linking farm to port. Perhaps there is no better-posted man in the country on the question of the transportation of food overseas and the necessity of a continuous stream of food to shipping points than Mr. Hurley. It is his idea that with "millions of hungry, suffering people facing westward from every port, with mouths open for the products of America, that highways transport facilities from the farmer's gate to the consumer's gate must be the solution of overseas transportation of food. With the highways transport service as the first step in the great system of transportation to the sea, and then on to merchant vessels to the foreign ports of the world, food must begin to move soon from every hill, through every valley, to the great country beyond, and so on down to the shipping points before we can start our ships from the ports and fulfill our duty."

Chairman Hurley's experience brings to mind that without the proper highways system the motor truck is helpless in transporting food from the farmer's barn to the nearest railway. This holds up the railway from transporting it to the ships, delays the ships from sailing with a full cargo, and finally makes the millions "over there" wonder if America is going to keep its promise.

Strange as it may seem, of all the improvements necessary during the time we were putting the country's resources on a one hundred per cent efficiency basis, the building of good roads received the least attention. This is even true of the maintenance of those good roads that had been built before it became necessary to divert



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White Linens, sheer, medium and heavy weights carried in stock at all times at moderate prices.

"French Eponge," a soft cotton fabric in all the new and fashionable colors; very popular for sport wear, smocks, etc. 45 inches wide, special . **95c yard**

Crepe or Momie Linen, White, Cream and a full color assortment. 36 inches wide, special . **85c yard**

Japanese Crepe, White and plain shades; every color represented; two qualities . . **50c & 85c yard**

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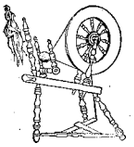

Reg. Trade-Mark

The Importance of Good Roads Between Farm and Market (Continued)

our activities to other more important improvements.

The armies that have played a leading part in the four years' war will soon be disbanded. In the industrial and commercial world factories and labor that have been on Government work are being turned back to commercial production. But there is one army here in America that will not be disbanded, but will have to put forth greater efforts. What it has been called upon to perform in the past will look like child's play compared to what is before it. I have reference to the American farmer and cattle-raiser.

The American farmer will make good if it is possible; but are the city and State governments giving him a square deal in letting him face this food problem alone? Isn't it up to us as a Nation to aid as much as possible? The farmer will have his hands full in producing. The question of delivering the results of his work to the point of consumption or shipment is one that he has no time to solve.

Russia's anarchy is due to a great extent to lack of food. In Central Europe conditions point to a famine. The German Government has said that its people are destitute. Serbia and Rumania are exhausted for lack of food, Bulgaria is starving, the agricultural resources of France and England are at a very low tide. The same is said to be true of Italy. And, mind you, this world-wide crisis is starting at the very beginning of winter, when every nation's warehouses should be filled up with a food supply to last through the non-productive winter months.

Consider the last two years. The farmer has raised, hauled, and shipped more produce than in any three or four years before. To get this increased amount to the shipping-point it has been necessary for all kinds and conditions of conveyances to be employed, and whereas formerly the average road carried a dozen vehicles per hour, it now has to stand up under four or five times that number, and this in the face of a scarcity of labor to keep the roads in good condition.

It is up to every community, especially those on the outskirts of agricultural districts, to see to it that at least one highway is kept open this winter so that the farmer will have the least trouble in bringing his produce to market.

There is no doubt but that this country will soon be bending every effort towards solving this world-wide problem. All the country's economic brains and productive genius released from war-time problems will no doubt be put to work. Just as the reserves were rushed to stem the tide of the Teuton invasion, so millions of reserves will be rushed to agricultural America to swell the production of food to stem the tide that threatens to make this world a scene of famine and desolation. It must be remembered that in America only is the agricultural equipment on an efficiency basis. In every other country agriculture has felt the devastating effect of war-time work and is practically useless for further production.

Before spring this country will have solved its food-production problems and every farmer and food manufacturer will be working at a feverish tide to produce that which is demanded by the world. But in doing this I want to emphasize that among the first steps, if not the first step,

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The Importance of Good Roads Between Farm and Market (Continued)

demanded to put the food production resources of this country on a one hundred per cent efficiency basis is that of not only improving our present good roads, but of starting and completing new good roads.

Undoubtedly with the first indication of spring there will be one of the biggest movements of labor toward agricultural America that the country has ever seen. It will be a duplication of the labor rush that took place when the Government issued its "work or fight" order. It appears to me that one of the most patriotic movements that every citizen should take to heart is to recruit labor for the building of good roads and improving highways in every section of the country.

Every State should organize a good roads labor bureau, its object being to recruit workers for the spring roads campaign. To secure such a good roads army this labor bureau would be justified in raising it along patriotic lines, pointing out that it is the patriotic duty of every citizen in the country to do his bit in the matter of good roads so that America will win this food battle as it did the recent battles in France.

WORK FOR RETURNED ARMY TRUCKS

(From the "Commercial Vehicle")

Extensive road-building work must be carried on in a big way after the war, and it seems that those of our hundreds of thousands of war trucks which are returned to this country could be very profitably engaged in this work. Easterners who are accustomed to move over some form of improved roads in traveling over the main paths from one end of a State to another are generally of the opinion that road-building work of the future will consist in maintaining the present roads and building other main lines to help shorten the distance between any two points.

This is very true as far as it goes, but the greatest work to be done lies in the West and South, where in many places they have no main improved roads at all, to say nothing of the extensions which Easterners would have built off from their already good highways.

While there are only short stretches of improved highways in many sections of the West and South, there is a pressing need for highway transportation by means of motor trucks, and this demand is proved by the fact that in many sections there are scores of motor trucks running as best they can over dirt or gravel roads which at the best are open only ten or eleven months out of the year. Poor roads in the South and West have held up a greater development of highway truck transportation, but have not stopped it altogether. Better roads are a necessity for the logical growth of our important road haulage.

To sell what trucks come back at auction in the open market, as has been done with war equipment after the conclusion of all the wars in which we as a Nation have been engaged, would throw the commercial motor-truck market into a state of chaos which would take several years to overcome. The use of our returned Government-owned trucks in centralized Government-supervised road-building, therefore, seems a consistent and logical move, the details of which should be studied now to avoid confusion and loss of time and money later.

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Which Cost 10 Times Too Much

Mark how Quaker Oats excels in calories per pound:

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Quaker Oats	1810	Dried Beef	790
Round Steak	890	Veal Cutlets	695
Eggs	635	Salt Codfish	325
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Figure the price you pay per pound, and the energy you get.

See how many you can feed on Quaker Oats for the cost of feeding one on meat.

And Quaker Oats, remember, is the nearly ideal food. It is almost a complete food.

Not a costly food compares with oats as food for young or old.

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With That Exquisite Flavor

This is a super-grade oat food, flaked from queen grains only—big and plump and flavory. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, for no puny grains go in it.

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It is due to yourself that you get it.

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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.
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BY THE WAY

"With the coming of peace," says a fashion magazine, "the pursuit of beauty regains its old importance." The article goes on to state the means and the cost of pursuing beauty. First comes "a delightful unscented soap made after the formula used in the Czarina's nursery"—price $1 per cake. Then, "to soften the water," a "beneficial powder" should be used—$3 a box. If one's skin, however, is injured by the use of soap and water, a "marvelous cleanser" may be bought for $2. Then comes a skin food—price $5, $7.50, or $10. Then an astringent cream—$3 a bottle. Next, on alternate mornings, use a bleach cream and a dry cream—each $5 a jar—as a foundation for a powder that is made in "all the shades that harmonize with the individual coloring"—price $3 for an "exquisite glass box." The finishing touch for the woman who is thus pursuing beauty is a two-ounce bottle of Russian perfume that comes to her "after a long journey via China"—price $10. Total, $35, omitting the "marvelous cleanser."

The ever-vigilant headline artist of the New York "Sun" was waiting for his opportunity, and it came. Here is his headline:

LUDENDORFF ESCAPES FROM BERLIN BY CLOSE SHAVE

This was the despatch: Ludendorff's first attempt to leave was frustrated by a picket of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council. An orderly was then sent to Ludendorff with a razor in his sombrero with which to shave the General's mustache. This was done, and then, it is said, Germany's former military dictator succeeded in crossing the frontier.

An American soldier took an English girl to see a game of baseball in London, according to a story told by Lord Dunmore. "If there is anything you want explained," said the doughboy, "tell me. I guess a lot of things seem meaningless to you." "Everything seems meaningless," replied the girl, "and some things seem idiotic." "What seems idiotic?" "Well," was the answer, "why do you call the seats *the stands*?"

Another international incident in the way of a failure to understand American colloquialisms is reported in a medical journal. "A French pathologist," it says, "who was visiting this country, recently asked: 'What is this word "Yeh" which is used so much by your people?'"

Representative Helm, of Kentucky, is credited with this story of a lazy man: "I asked this man how he managed to pass away the time, since he had been too lazy to learn either to read or write. 'Wal,' he answered, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, 'sometimes I set an' think, an' sometimes, if it's too hot, I just set.'"

The rapidity with which the novice can now learn to fly is apparently due principally to two things: the system of "dual control," by which pupil and instructor can navigate the same airplane, the instructor correcting any of the pupil's mistakes before they prove dangerous; and the "aerotelephone" or speaking-tube, by which instructor and pupil can converse at any time without regard to the noise of engine or propeller.

People who expect sometime to learn to fly will find encouragement in this remarkable statement in a book called "Aerobatics," by Horatio Barber: "Under present conditions the average young man can learn to handle an airplane and put it through all the known tricks of looping, rolling, nose-dive spins, side-slips, etc., after a period of instruction of approximately no more than from twenty to thirty hours of actual flying.... Flying is remarkably safe, given a good nerve and average intelligence. It's just as safe as driving a high-powered car at a smart pace along Fifth Avenue."

The unparalleled magnitude of America's work for the winning of the war is illustrated by a writer in "Collier's" who says that American effort was being put into the making of ordnance alone at a rate, measured in terms of cost, that would have been sufficient to complete a Panama Canal every thirty days.

A subscriber asks, "What is the longest word in the English language that is defined in the latest edition of the most complete dictionary?" The latest edition of the Standard Dictionary says under *honorificabilitudinity*: "Honorableness: frequently cited as the longest word in English literature." But this word is also found in one of the earliest English dictionaries—Bailey's, published in 1756. *Anthropomorphologically* contains one more letter—namely, twenty-three.

An article in the "Liaison," the "Courier of the Big Gun Corps," says that during the fighting even telephone messages were not spoken in plain English, French, or "United States," because it was assumed that there might be a Boche listening in. A message came like this: "Birds will visit us with demi-tasse for party with 7219. Expect attendance of 200 or more. Make arrangements with caterer and send your details for the society column." This meant: "Airplanes will come for a shoot on the target at the point 7219 on the map. You are authorized to expend 200 or more rounds. Have your radio and panel men ready to carry on as soon as the planes arrive. Also report results to the P. C."

A curious suit came before a court in Iowa, as reported in a medical journal. A man was insured against accident. He pricked a small pimple on his upper lip with his scarf pin. This caused infection which resulted in his death in a few days. Was this an accident? The court decided that if death resulted from the use of the pin alone the accidental result would not be covered by the policy; but that the use of an infected pin, a poisoned pin, was clearly an accident covered by the terms of the policy, and that it must be paid.

The close of the war moves the "Dramatic Mirror" to compare theatrical conditions now in New York City with those at the close of the American Civil War in 1865. There are a hundred theaters now in New York, it says, where there was one fifty-three years ago, but there was perhaps a greater variety of amusement in the old days. For instance, in 1865 there was Barnum's Museum on Broadway, with its giants, dwarfs, and living skeletons; there was a circus in Fourteenth Street; there were three minstrel shows; there was Tony Pastor; and there were presentations of such classics as "The School for Scandal" and "Arrah-na-Pogue." The unpopularity now of the classical drama presents perhaps the greatest difference between these days and those—and the omnipresence now of the picture play!

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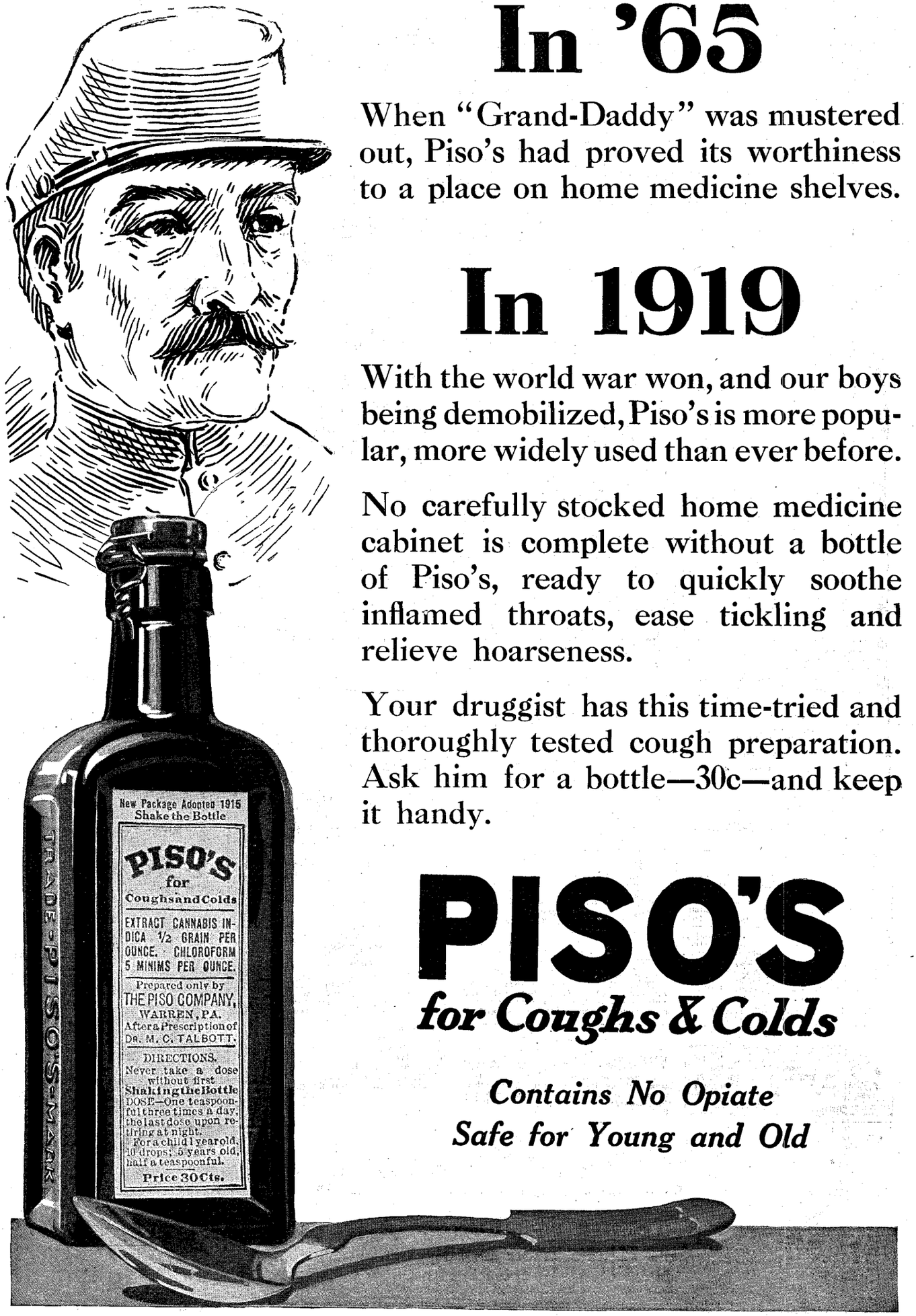
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Your druggist has this time-tried and thoroughly tested cough preparation. Ask him for a bottle—30c—and keep it handy.

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Contains No Opiate

Safe for Young and Old

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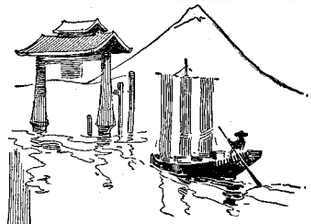

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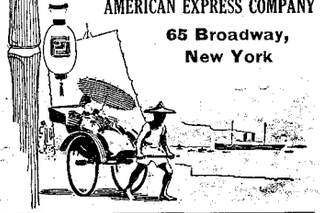

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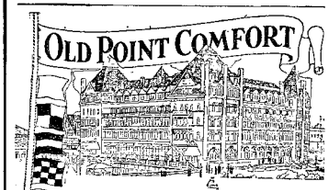

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WANTED — Refined young woman as mother's helper, Christian family, suburb New York City. One child two years, oversight two older boys. Character, disposition essential. Experience unnecessary. 6,520, Outlook.

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IN girls' camp, July and August, a councilor to lead music and play piano; also councilor to lead French study class. Must be able to swim. College woman preferred. Apply, giving references, experience, age, etc., 6,509, Outlook.

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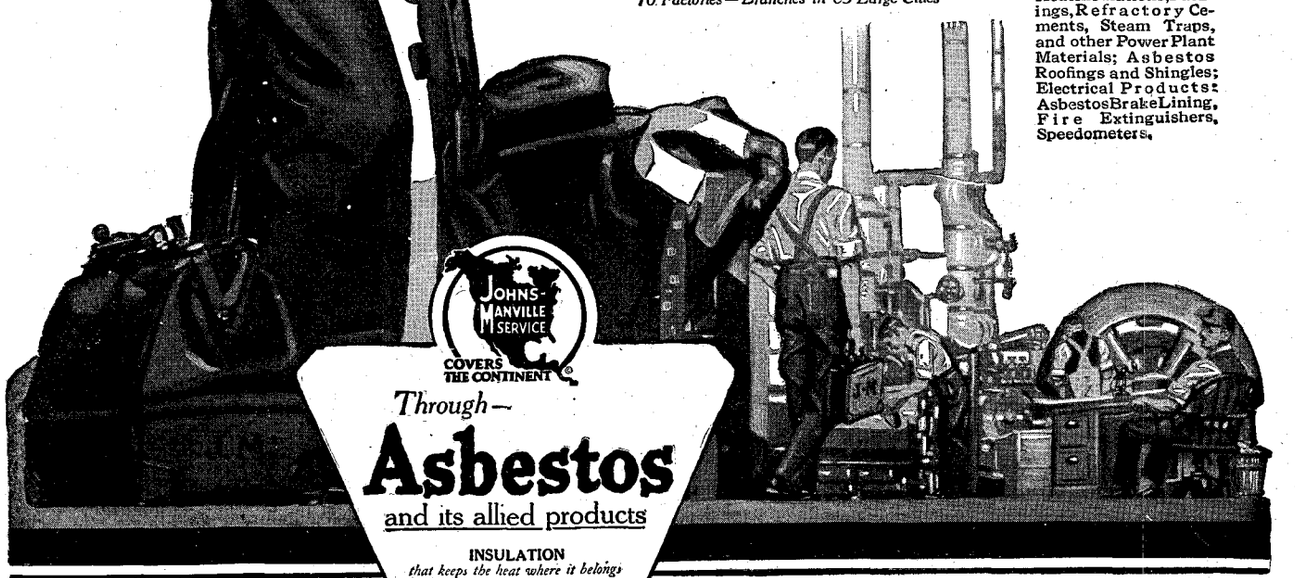

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